THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 3. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

POOR OLD LORDS.

How Little of a Figure They Cut in Practical British Politics When John Bull Goes on a Revolutionary Rampage.

What Befell the House of Loafers in the Days of Cromwell, and What May Befall It Again.

[*The London Speaker.*]

Lord Salisbury, in his speech at Cardiff, made light of the threats of Radicals to overthrow the house of lords. Force alone, he said, could do it. Where, then, was the force of the Radicals? As one of the essential elements of the enacting power, the lords could not be abolished without their own consent. The supporters of the majority in the popular legislature were not strong enough to overcome the resistance of the unpopular house. In all this there is a grain of truth. No thoughtful Liberal can have considered the ending or mending of the house of lords without becoming conscious of the practical difficulties in the way. Those difficulties, however, are not entirely insurmountable. They were surmounted once, and they can be surmounted again. The house of lords actually was abolished, and partly by way of serious parallel, partly by way of historical pastime, it may be worth while to recall how it came to pass.

When we think of the fight between king and parliament we usually imagine, consciously or unconsciously, that parliament meant the commons alone. The lords as a body played little part in it, however valorously individual peers may have fought or intrigued on the one side or the other. The lords, who had been almost entirely extirpated during the Wars of the Roses, had not yet recovered their importance as against king and commons. The new creations of the Tudors were still too new to command respect on account of antiquity, and too doubtful of their titles to their lands to exercise any considerable public influence. It was not until the holders of Tudor peerages had done some public service by their work in the Whig revolution that the house of lords began again to exercise any power at all coordinate with that of the commons. But, such as they were, the lords of the time of Charles I. gave little trouble. Some adhered to the king, some to the commons; but it cannot be said that either party gained, or claimed to gain, any large constitutional advantage from having the house of lords, as one branch of the legislature, on its side. Yet the house of lords existed up to the end of the civil war, and on one or two occasions played some part in politics. At the beginning of the struggle the popular leaders—meaning probably on this occasion that astute parliamentarian, Pym—managed to get the house of lords on their side.

The commons called out for the exclusion of the bishops and the Roman Catholic peers. A mob surrounded the house, crying, "No bishops! No Popish lords!" Williams, Archbishop of York, and eleven other spiritual peers, being prevented from attending, sent a protest against the validity of all proceedings of parliament which might take place in their absence. The lay peers took umbrage, not at the action of the mob, but at the protest of the bishops. They doubtless felt that the gathering power of ecclesiasticism threatened their properties, which had mostly been taken from the church, and though, as between king and commons, they might have sided with the commons, as between church and state, between high Anglicanism and Protestantism, they were forced to adhere to the principles to which they owed their wealth and their places. They made common cause with the commons, and from that day they never recovered their equilibrium so as to give any real support to the king. When he took to the field the peers who sided with him seceded from Westminster. If they had stayed there they could doubtless have formed a majority; but those were strenuous days, when men looked to the reality of things, and the Royalist peers were right in thinking the control of the house of lords not worth risking their skins to obtain. They, therefore, saved the commons for some years from the trouble of abolishing the other house. The two houses worked, on the whole, harmoniously. The laws—"ordinances," as they were called—of the time of the civil war were almost exactly like statutes, though without the royal assent. Thus the self-denying ordinance of 1645 began with the following words: "Be it ordained by the lords and commons assembled in parliament that all and every of the members of either house of parliament shall be, and by authority of this ordinance are, discharged . . . of and from all and every office of command, military or civil, granted or conferred by both or either of the said houses of this present parliament."

It is, perhaps, worth recalling that in its first form, as sent up four months earlier, the self-denying ordinance applied to all offices, even sinecures, held before the civil war. This was more than the peers could stand, so they threw the bill out, and the commons allowed them to keep their sinecures—a very characteristic assertion of the peers' prerogative. So things jogged along, the peers, deprived of a chancellor, supplying themselves with a "speaker pro tempore," ordering Laud to be beheaded in 1645, as they had already surrendered Strafford, until Pride's Purge, in December, 1648, destroyed the harmony between lords and commons. The Independents had the majority in the lower, the Presbyterians in the upper house, and the lords decided by a majority to take no part in the trial of the king. The commons answered by declaring that the people were, under God, the source of all just power, and that the house of commons, being chosen by the people, formed the supreme power in England, having no need of king or house of lords. Nevertheless, with a weakness for constitutional formulæ, the Rump, in the ordinance creating a high court to try Charles, used the familiar words: "be it enacted and ordained by the lords and commons in parliament assembled." Seven peers were made members of the court.

In February, 1649, the members of the Council of State, on taking office, undertook to aid in settling the government of this nation for the future, in the way of a republic, without king or house of lords. On the 17th of March the commons passed an ordinance abolishing the manarchy, and on the 19th another abolishing the house of lords. It ran as follows: "The commons of England, assembled in parliament, finding by too long experience that the house of lords is useless and dangerous to the people of England to be continued, have thought fit to ordain and enact, and be it ordained and enacted by the present parliament, and by the authority of the same, that from henceforth the house of lords in parliament shall be and is hereby abolished and taken away, and that the lords shall not from henceforth meet or sit in the said house called the lords' house or in any other house or place whatsoever, as a house of lords. . . . Nevertheless, it is hereby declared that neither such lords as have demeaned themselves with honor, courage and fidelity to the commonwealth, nor their posterities who shall continue so, shall be excluded from the public councils of the nation, but shall be admitted thereunto, and have free vote in parliament if thereunto elected." Which latter portion, we trust, for Lord Rosebery's sake and the country's, will be taken as a precedent.

For eight years there was no upper house. The Rump for its remaining days, Barebones' parliament, and the first parliament under the instrument of government, consisted of only one house. But in 1657 the subservient Cromwellians who drew up the humble petition and advice asked that parliament should consist of two houses. A house was thereupon created of Cromwell's nominees. They were not called, except in popular language, a house of lords, nor an upper house; they were known as "the other house." In the summons to sit in it the nominees were told to sit with the "great men and nobles." Cromwell was getting perilously near the word "lord."

We do not know that this seventeenth-century precedent helps us much. But it shows two things. It illustrates the weakness of the English lords. They were allowed to exist "too long," because they were so weak, not because they were so strong. They were abolished without any trouble, and did not require, like the lower house, even the show of force to make them go. "These English lords," says Ranke in another connection, "have boundless ambition; they grasp with bold hand at the highest prizes, but they have no inner power of resistance; as against the course of events and public opinion they are groundless." It is an expressive word—"groundless." But the story shows further that whatever trouble the commons had in getting rid of the peers was due to their inability to make new creations. The lords must remember that nowadays the monarchy is, by the essential theory of the constitution, on the side of the majority in the lower house. Would Lord Salisbury be any better pleased if the house of lords were abolished, not by a revolution, but by the strict observance of the letter of the law? Perhaps when he reflects on these possibilities, he may think it wise to yield without waiting for force or for subtler forms of persuasion.

THE A.P.A.

Governor Peck, of Wisconsin, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*:

"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, MADISON, Wis., Dec. 27.—*Dear Sir:* Your letter, asking for my opinion of the organization known as the A.P.A., is received. The organization is one which ought to be and will be condemned by every true American citizen. So far from representing true Americanism the doctrines of the organization are thoroughly un-American, and if the association is successful in its aims, will strike a deep blow at the liberties of our country.

"Any ooganization which would deprive men of citizenship for conscience sake must be condemned as outrageous in itself, and dangerous to the welfare of the country. This association appears to be a revival of the old Knownothing movement by which years ago a few fanatics sought to annoy and subvert the liberties of their fellow-citizens. Among those who are most zealous in fostering and promoting this new movement are many who were active in pushing the obnoxious Bennett law.

"The attacks of the organization are now directed against one class of religious people. Should they prove successful it would not be long before others would feel the weight of their power. That such an organization can succeed is impossible. Its objects are so thoroughly antagonistic to that high sense of justice which lies deep in every American heart, that as soon as they are thoroughly known it will be driven out of existence.

"The people of the country will show their disapproval of it in as emphatic a manner as they did their distaste to the principles of the Bennet law. Yours very truly, GEORGE W. PECK.

THE FENIAN MEN.

Ex-Head Centre, James Stephens, Says There Were 250,000 of Them in 1867, Including Two Full Regiments of Red-Coats and Many Scattering.

This Information is Given by the Old Chief In Rebutting the Libels of an English Literary Review.

Mr. James Stephens was recently interviewed, by a representative of the Dublin *Evening Telegraph*, regarding the charges made against the Fenian movement and himself, by a correspondent in the *Fortnightly Review*, signing himself "X." The paragraph of the *Fortnightly* article which had special reference to Mr. Stephens, was as follows:

"A term of obscure disorder ensued, with nothing doing in parliament, but with a marked activity among the police, and with Mr. James Stephens and Mr. John O'Mahony looming from across the Atlantic as the heaven-born leaders of the Irish race. They were highly vocal rivals for the privilege of freeing Ireland by force of arms, and competed for public favor and subscriptions by loudly outbidding each other in the matter of dates and other vital details of their secret conspiracy. It sounds comic enough, but many hundreds of confiding men went to the scaffold or penal servitude before the joke was fully explained. It was only when the auditors overhauled the accounts of Messrs. Stephens and O'Mahony that the humor was laid bare. The leaders had made money in one way. Their lieutenants had profited in another by marketing the so-called secrets of the organization to the home office in Whitehall. And so there was a fitting end to Fenianism."

The attention of Mr. Stephens was drawn to these charges for the first time by the interviewer, and he was at the outset inclined to treat them with contempt. Having read the article in the *Fortnightly*, the old gentleman followed with a perusal of Mr. Davitt's reply in the *Speaker*.

Referring to the latter article, he exclaimed: "That is first-class. No reply could be better. It is quite true, as Mr. Davitt says, that Colonel O'Mahony was a most unselfish man, who died without a half-penny in his possession."

"Then you quite concur in what Mr. Davitt says?"

"Not only so," he replied, "but I am delighted with the force and vigor of his article. At the same time I could not imagine that Mr. Davitt could write anything on the subject of our movement, which would not be at once truthful and honest."

"Well, with regard to yourself, is there any basis for the inference conveyed by the article that when your accounts and those of Mr. O'Mahony were overhauled there was any discrepancy?"

"I can tell you," he said with emphasis, "and no man alive can be better authority, that no such overhauling of joint or separate accounts of Mr. O'Mahony and myself ever took place. There never was any question of 'overhauling,' and the man who wrote that did not know what he was writing about."

"It is an unpleasant subject; but were you always provided with funds in the Fenian movement?"

"I will give you an instance. Mr. Davitt refers to my journey from New York in 1867. What he says is quite true. I had just £10 in my possession. But you must remember that I was accompanied by several others connected with the movement. Were it not for the extreme kindness of friends in Paris we might have all been in a state of destitution. As it was, we suffered some hardships, and we were only too anxious to get away on the yacht, which was waiting at Havre to carry us to Ireland, there to take part in the forlorn hope. The news of the abortive rising, of course, spoiled all.

"It is needless to ask you was Fenianism, in your opinion, a farce or joke?"

"It was neither farce nor joke for us. We were in earnest, and we hoped to win. Why, we had from 240,000 to 250,000 men, 100,000 of whom were more or less trained, with a large percentage of veterans who had gone through the Crimean and Indian wars, and those who had gone through the American Civil War, including generals, colonels, and other men of experience in the art of war. At least two regiments of her majesty's army were, almost to a man, sworn to us, and scattered through that army were many officers, of every rank, who were on our side. It is not for me to say now how or why Fenianism did not succeed—I may some day talk on the subject—but it was a movement that was entered into by all at the risk of their liberty and their lives. Let me give you one fact which shows the sincerity and incorruptibility of the men of that day. From the 16th of September until my arrest, and from the 24th November, the day of my escape from Richmond, until the 13th day of March, when I escaped to America, I was in Dublin; I was attending meetings of 'Centres' two or three times a week; I was in frequent communication with hundreds of men. During all that time the government of the day was offering fabulous sums for news of my whereabouts, but not a man would betray me. When I was arrested it was by accident. And to conclude, I must say that when the extent of the Fenian movement is considered the number of informers wns infinitesimal. There are men alive today holding secrets of the past who have held them both in peril and in peace with the same fidelity and will hold them to the grave."

"As for 'X' will you take any action against the *Fortnightly* for libel?"

"I am too old for that kind of work. My reputation is in the hands of those who worked with me; and, as Mr. Davitt's article shows, however we may diverge, I shall not want defenders. Take this from me—'X' knows nothing about Fenianism. It did not achieve what we expected, but the principle of that day still lives; our work was not in vain. I am certain that if the need arose our methods would not be despised."

Before the interviewer left Mr. Stephens expressed great horror of the recent anarchist outrage in Paris. "It is not fair fighting," he said, "to maim and kill innocent women and children. We believed in open war, according, as far as was possible, to the rules of war."

SENSATIONALISM IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

[*San Francisco Monitor.*]

In refuting the vile calumny which accused him of participation in the foul murder of Dr. Cronin, Mr. Davitt concludes his letter by saying: "I am reluctantly compelled to say, in connection with this infamous slander, that the press of America is the only press in the civilized world today, through which ruffianly attempts like this at moral assassination of public men can be made with impunity." This is a stinger, and what makes the sting the sharper is the fact that it is true. Our newspapers, or rather our daily papers, will stop at nothing to pander to the peoples' low tastes and love for sensationalism. The owners of these vile sheets claim that they are only catering to public taste. Possibly, but it is they who have, if not created, at least cultivated this taste until it has become a loathsome disease with their readers. It is a vicious circle in which writer and reader are equally guilty. Decent people should rise up in their anger and refuse to receive in their homes these daily papers which are truly moral assassins, ruining reputations, driving poor women to death, as was done in this city a few months ago, separating families, vitiating public opinion, rendering vice and immorality familiar to their readers, doing the devil's work in fact. The press has a noble mission to perform: it has millions of readers, and to a great extent what it is they shall be, for it moulds public opinion and reaches thousands who never enter a church or hear the voice of religion. To have such power and to misuse it is to abuse one of the noblest prerogatives of education, and the man who turns into an engine of destruction and sin what should be a teacher of morality and religion is worse than a Pharisee and a Publican; he should be shunned by all decent people. They are hypocrites and whitened sepulchres, those publishers of newspapers, who in their editorial columns proclaim the noblest sentiments and the highest principles of morality, and in their news columns lay before their readers glowing descriptions of vice and crimes, written up with the skill and talent which seem to be a special gift of the modern reporter. The worst novels of the day, avowedly relying upon graphic delineation of sin, its motives and its actions, are harmless compared to those skilfull reports of crime and sin seen every day in the columns of our dailies. These novels at least are only read by the few whose hearts are already corrupt, while the newspaper is read by thousands, the majority of whom are yet pure. The motive of the publishers of these sheets and of the writers of indibrious novels is the same; they both appeal to the corruption of the human heart; they find in its vilest instincts the source from which they draw the filthy lucre to satisfy their criminal greed for gold. It is the duty of parents and of all good men to stamp out with heavy blows this infamous trade, and no more effective mode of doing so exists than to refuse to purchase of these infamous spreaders of corruption. It is a duty not to be disregarded or neglected, and we are in conscience responsible before God and society if we neglect this solemn duty which we owe to our family and our country.

THE New Year's (January) *Home and Country* is replete with good things. The magazine is elaborately illustrated and its contents are diversified. It contains articles on many interesting and timely subjects. Of the illustrated articles "Ready to Make an Assignment. A business man's story of the panic," "Kissing and Kisses," "The Development of Light Cavalry. The Dragoons," "Variety Specialists. The habits of wandering performers," "An American Girl in London. A reminiscence," and "Players on the Horn," are worthy of special mention. The American student and those who delight in "looking backwards," will be interested in "Pioneers in American Literature. From Capt. John Smith to Edgar Allan Poe," "Dancing in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," "Pensacola Navy Yard, Old Fort Pickens" and "Anthropoid Apes. Gorilla, Chimpanzee and Orang-Outang"; while lovers of light literature will find much that is enjoyable in "La Belle Anglaise. A novel," "Greentree the Tailor. A character sketch," "How No. 99 Beat the Record. The story of an old-time locomotive engineer," "The Golden Bird. A fairy tale," and "Merritt Foster. An incident of the Civil War."

Home and Country is published monthly at No. 53 E. Tenth street, New York, and the subscription price is $2.50 a year.

THE IRISH COLUMBUS.

Rev. Father O'Donoghue Has Written On the Life and Voyages of St. Brendan in a Manner that Gives General Satisfaction.

The Saintly Sailor's Explorations Touched Upon in an Interesting and Scholarly Manner.

During the last year or two we have published a good deal of literary matter with reference to St. Brendan, the great Irish saint, who is supposed to have crossed the Atlantic and discovered America in the sixth century. Readers of these articles and addresses must have surely wished—as most certainly the present writer wished—that all this information, and whatever information in addition to it was available, could be put into the form of a book. Well, their wishes, we are very glad to say, have now been gratified—gratified, too, we think, beyond the most sanguine expectations. Father O'Donoghue has faced his subject with the determination and holy zeal even of a monk of St. Brendan's own day. We do not claim any special knowledge on this topic, but, judging his book from an ordinary intelligent point of view, we are decidedly of opinion that it contains very nearly all that we can possibly know about the Columbus of Ireland. Father O'Donoghue has drawn largely on the texts edited some years ago by Cardinal Moran, and published in his "Acta Sti Brendani," and translated them from the mediæval Latin "as literally as he could." The most important of these documents is the account of the saint's life, "which records many interesting facts of his authentic history after his famous voyages, as well as of the histories of many of his contemporary Irish saints that cannot be found elsewhere."

Very wisely, Father O'Donoghue does not give the Latin account of the saint's early life, for, as he says, this must have been based on portion of the Irish life in the "Book of Lismore." This he translates direct from the Gaelic. The "Book of Lismore" is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and is kept in Lismore Crstle, county Waterford, "where it was discovered in 1814 by some workmen in a walled-up door or passage, concealed in a wooden box, along with a beautifully worked ancient crozier." It was compiled in the latter half of the fifteenth century, from the lost "Book of Monasterboice," and from other ancient MSS., for Finghin MacCarthy Riabhach and his wife, Catherine, daughter of Thomas, Eighth Earl of Desmond. The portion Father O'Donoghue translates forms about one half of the book, and describes Brendan's life up to the time of his setting sail for the "Land of Promise of the Saints." Of the remainder, which deals with the voyages, he gives a summary, as an introduction to his translation of "the most perfect and accurate text of the Latin version (of the voyages)—namely, the "Navigatio Brendani," edited some years ago by Cardinal Moran in his "Acta Sti Brendani."

This Irish life from the "Book of Lismore" is very curious reading. "It was in the time of Æneguis, son of Nathfraech, King of Munster," it says "that this great Brendan was born; of Kerry Luachra was he, within the district of Alltraighe Cuile. His father, Fuilugh, was a freeman, of noble birth, devout and religious, who, with his lawful wife, lived in obedience and religious discipline under the Rule of Bishop Erc. The mother of Brendan, before he was born, saw in a vision her bosom full of pure gold, and her breasts glistening like snow. When she told her vision to Bishop Erc, he said: "There shall be born to thee a child of power, who will be full of the grace of the Holy Ghost, that is Brendan." And here is how the chronicle describes him:

"A chief leader in the faith and piety which pervaded most of the world was this only Brendan; just was he, like unto Abraham; prophetic psalmist, like unto David, son of Jesse; an eminent sage, like unto Solomon, son of David; a lawgiver, like unto Moyses, son of Amram; an inspired interpreter, like unto St. Jerome; of surpassing intellect, like unto Augustine; of excellent general scholarship, like unto Origen; a virgin was he, like unto John, the bosom foster child of the Lord; an evangelist, like unto Matthew; a preacher, like unto Paul; a chief missioner of foreigners, like unto Peter, prince of the apostles; chief of hermits, like unto John of the baptism; a commentator, like Gregory, of Rome; a prudent guide over land and sea, like Noah, son of Tamech. And as Noah raised aloft his ark over the swelling waves of the deluge, so will Brendan raise up his monks and his people above the fires of judgment, so that, through the power and true piety of Brendan, son of Fuilugh, neither smoke, nor mists, nor sparks should touch them."

This quotation will give some idea of the "Irish Life." It is curious to read further on that "Bishop Erc had not a milch cow, for he received but moderate alms offerings from the faithful. On a certain day, therefore," continues the narrative, "he wanted milk for his foster child St. Brendan and he said, 'God is able to provide it, my son.' After this a wild cow came every day with its calf from Slieveluachr, to be milked by him, and returned alone to the mountains, after being milked."

We read again that Brendan, to save a young man from his enemies, changed him into a stone which was on the roadside, and the stone into a man. "Then his enemies came to a pillar stone, and they cut off its head in the shape of his, and they wound the pillar stone in the side, and leave the stone beheaded, and carry the head with them in the shape of the head of the enemy." In his notes to the Irish life Father O'Donoghue describes a stone in the townland of Lerrig, with illegible Ogham characters, which, at a short distance, "has the appearance of the mutilated trunk of a human figure." This Irish life also describes how Brendan went up into Brandon Hill, and how, after having been told by an angel that he would see the "Land of Promise," he came back to his monks and told them to construct "three large vessels, having three banks of oars each, and three sails of hides and twenty men in each vessel." "Then," saith the history, "Brendan, son of Fuilugh, sailed over the loud-voiced waves of the rough-crested sea, and over the billows of the greedish tide, and over the abysses of the wonderful terrible, relentless ocean, where they saw in its depths the red-mouthed monsters of the sea and many great sea whales. And they found therein beautiful, marvelous islands whereln they tarried not." So for five years, during which no man chanced to meet them, and not one of all the crews suffered any want, though "Brendan had not allowed them to bring any provisions with them." Father O'Donoghue's notes on the Irish life are very full and learned, and show great industry and great research.

During these five years' wandering on the ocean the boats used by St. Brendan and his companions were mere *currachs*, covered with hides. When the saint returned he visited his foster mother, St. Ita, who told him that he could not find the "Land of Promise" in such vessels, but in crafts made of wood. "Thereupon St. Brendan proceeded to Connacht, where a large and commodious ship was built, and provided with the needful equipment for a voyage. Then he embarked, having a crew of sixty men, among whom were the shipwright and the smith who had worked at the construction of the ship." According to the Latin account of the voyage, however, of which Father O'Donoghue's translation is "the first of its kind that has been published," the crew consisted only of fourteen monks, a more likely number.

This Latin story is more consecutive and more circumstantial than the Irish one. It was the most popular version of the voyage during the middle ages, "as the story itself," to quote the author again, "was certainly the most popular of all the mediæval legends of which we have any account," there being scarcely a public library in Europe which does not contain some MS. copies of it. Had we space, we should be very glad to give a short account of this remarkable story, with its curious tale of the whale which used to come and serve as an island on which the saint could, at sacred seasons, celebrate the mass.

Unfortunately our space is limited, and we can only say that more interesting reading for anyone who cares for Irish legend could hardly be imagined. Whether St. Brendan ever landed on the American continent it is impossible to say, and the problem is likely to remain unsolved forever. The "Latin Life" ends with a description of the landing in a country "extensive and thickly set with trees, laden with fruits, as in the autumn season," and with a large river flowing towards the middle of the land, which they could not by any means cross over." Reading Father Donoghue's chapter on "Vestiges of Prehistoric Irish Settlements and Missions in North America before the Tenth Century," however, we are inclined to give St. Brendan the benefit of the doubt. The vestiges are numerous; the evidence is remarkable. Taking everything into consideration, we do not see why Irishmen should not regard St. Brendan as the discoverer of America; and we are glad to know that the conductors of the *Shamrock* are so impressed with the probabilities of the story that they are devoting it to their forthcoming number, which we hope will make the legend known as it should be by Irish people. Meantime we have no words strong enough to express our appreciation of the work done by Father O'Donoghue. He has revived a tale, legend, tradition, whatever you like to call it, which should be known intimately by every one of us; and we hope to see "Brendaniana" becoming a really popular Irish book.—*United Ireland.*

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

THE German newspapers are pouring metaphorical shot and shell on the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen's second son, for his mercenary conduct. The *Nachrichten* of Hamburg, for instance, says that no duke must draw his pay exclusively from a German sovereign. He must not accept a pension from the government of an alien nation. How will the royal dukes like this

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

Scarcely had the public mind subsided after the Rebellion of Ninety-eight, when the success of Bonaparte directed the eyes and hopes of the Irish people towards *him*, as the person designed to be their deliverer. Many a fine fiction has the author of this work heard about that great man's escapes, concerning the bullets that conveniently turned aside from his person, and the sabres that civilly declined to cut him down. Many prophecies too were related, in which the glory of this country under his reign was touched off in the happiest colors. Pastorini also gave such notions an impulse. Eighteen twenty-five was to be the year of their deliverance; George the Fourth was never to fill the British throne; and the mill of Lowth was to be turned three times with human blood. "The miller with the two thumbs was then living," said the mendicants, for they were the principal propagators of these opinions, and the great expounders of their own prophecies; so that of course there could be no further doubt upon the subject. Several of them had seen him, a red-haired man with broad shoulders, stout legs, exactly such as a miller ought to have, and two thumbs on his right hand; all precisely as the prophecy had stated. Then there was Bealderg, and several others of the fierce old Milesian chiefs, who, along with their armies, lay in an enchanted sleep, all ready to awake and take a part in the delivery of the country. "Sure such a man," and they would name one in the time of the mendicant's grandfather, "was once going to a fair to sell a horse—well and good; the time was the dawn of morning, a little before daylight: he met a man who undertook to purchase his horse; they agreed upon the price, and the seller of him followed the buyer into a Rath, where he found a range of horses, each with an armed soldier asleep by his side, ready to spring upon him if awoke. The purchaser cautioned the owner of the horse as they were about to enter the subterraneous dwelling, against touching either horse or man; but the countryman happening to stumble, inadvertantly laid his hand upon a sleeping soldier, who immediately leaped up, drew his sword, and asked, 'Wuil auam inh?' 'Is the time in it? Is the time arrived?' To which the horse dealer of the Rath replied, 'Ha niel. Gho dhee collhow areesht.' 'No; go to sleep again.' Upon this the soldier immediately sank down in his former position, and unbroken sleep reigned throughout the cave." The influence on the warm imaginations of an ignorant people of such fictions, concocted by vagrant mendicants, is very pernicious. They fill their minds with the most palpable absurdities, and, what is worse, with opinions, which, besides being injurious to those who receive them, in every instance insure for those who propagate them a cordial and kind reception.

These mendicants consequently pander—for their own selfish ends—to the prejudices of the ignorant, which they nourish and draw out in a manner that has in no slight degree been subversive of the peace of the country. Scarcely any political circumstance occurs which they do not immediately seize upon and twist to their own purposes, or in other words, to the opinions of those from whom they derive their support. When our present police first appeared in their uniforms and black belts, another prophecy, forsooth, was fulfilled. Immediately before the downfall of heresy, a body of "Black Militia" was to appear; the police, then, are the black militia, and the people consider themselves another step nearer the consummation of their vague speculations.

In the year '98, the Irish mendicants were active agents, clever spies, and expert messengers on the part of the people; and to this day they carry falsehood, and the materials of outrage in its worst shape, into the bosom of peaceable families, who would, otherwise, never become connected with a system which is calculated to bring ruin and destruction upon those who permit themselves to join it.

This evil, and it is no trifling one, would, by the introduction of poor laws, be utterly abolished; the people would not only be more easily improved, but education, when received, would not be corrupted by the infusion into it of such ingredients as the above. In many other points of view, the confirmed and hackneyed mendicants of Ireland are a great evil to the morals of the people. We could easily detail them, but such not being our object at present, we will now dismiss the subject of poor laws, and resume our narrative. [Mr. Carleton wrote this story before, under the influence of Young Ireland teachings, he took the national view of the Irish question.—ED.]

Far—far different from this description of impostors, were Owen McCarthy and his family. Their misfortunes were not the consequences of negligence or misconduct on their own part. They struggled long but unavailingly against high rents and low markets: against neglect on the part of the landlord and his agent; against sickness, famine, and death. They had no alternative but to beg or starve. Owen was willing to work, but he could not procure employment: and provided he could, the miserable sum of sixpence a day, when food was scarce and dear, would not support him, his wife, and six little ones. He became a pauper, therefore, only to avoid starvation.

Heavy and black was his heart, to use the strong expression of the people, on the bitter morning when he set out to encounter the dismal task of seeking alms, in order to keep life in himself and his family. The plan was devised on the preceding night, but to no mortal, except his wife, was it communicated. The honest pride of a man whose mind was above committing a mean action, would not permit him to reveal what he considered the first stain that ever was known to rest upon the name of McCarthy; he, therefore, sallied out under the beating of the storm, and proceeded, without caring much whither he went, until he got considerably beyond the bounds of his own parish.

In the meantime hunger pressed keenly upon him and them. The day had no appearance of clearing up; the heavy rain and sleet beat into their thin, worn garments, and the clamor of his children for food began to grow more and more importunate. They came to the shelter of a hedge, which which inclosed on one side a remote and broken road, along which, in order to avoid the risk of being recognized, they had preferred traveling. Owen stood here, for a few minutes to consult with his wife, as to where and when they should "make a beginning;" but on looking round, he found her in tears.

"Kathleen, asthore," said he, "I can't bid you not to cry; bear up, acushla machree; bear up: sure, as I said, when we came out this mornin', there's a good God above us that can still turn over the good lafe for us, if we put our hopes in him."

"Owen," said his sinking wife, "it's not altogether bekase we'e brought to this that I'm cryin'; no, indeed."

"Thin what ails you, Kathleen darlin'?"

The wife hesitated, and evaded the question for some time; but at length, upon his pressing her for an answer, a fresh gush of sorrow, she replied:

"Owen, since you *must* know—och, may God pity us!—since you must know, it is wid hunger—*wid hunger*! I kept, unknownst, a little bit of bread to give the childhre this mornin', and that was part of it I gave you yesterday early—I'm near two days fastin'."

"Kathleen! Kathleen! Och! sure I know your worth, avillish. You were too good a wife, an' too good a mother, a'most! God forgive me, Kathleen! I fretted about beginning, dear; but as my Heavenly Father's above me, I am now happier to beg wid you by my side, nor if I war in the best house in the province widout you! Hould up, avourneen, for a while. Come on, childhre, darlins, an' the first house we meet we'll ax their char——, their assistance. Come on, darlins, and all of yees. Why my heart's asier, so it is. Sure we have your mother, childhre, safe wid us, an' what signifies anything so long as she's left to us?"

He then raised his wife tenderly, for she had been compelled to sit from weakness, and they bent their steps to a decent farm-house that stood a few perches off the road, about a quarter of a mile before them.

As they approached the door, the husband hesitated a moment; his face got paler than usual, and his lip quivered as he said—"Kathleen——"

"I know what you're goin' to say, Owen. No, acushla, *you* won't; *I'll* ax it myself."

"Do," said Owen, with difficulty; "I can't do it; but I'll overcome my pride afore long, I hope. It's thryin' to me, Kathleen, and you know it is—for you know how little I ever expected to be brought to this."

"Husht, avillish! We'll thry, then, in the name o' God."

As she spoke, the children, herself, and her husband entered, to beg, for the first time in their lives, a morsel of food. Yes! timidly—with a blush of shame, red even to crimson, upon the pallid features of Kathleen—with grief acute and piercing—they entered the house together.

For some minutes they stood and spoke not. The unhappy woman, unaccustomed to the language of supplication, scarcely knew in what terms to crave assistance. Owen himself stood back, uncovered, his fine, but much changed features, overcast with an expression of deep affliction. Kathleen cast a single glance at him, as if for encouragement. Their eyes met; she saw the upright man—the last remnant of the McCarthy—himself once the friend of the poor, of the unhappy, of the afflicted—standing crushed and broken down by misfortunes which he had not deserved, waiting with patience for a morsel of charity. Owen, too, had his remembrances. He recollected the days when he sought and gained the pure and fond affections of his Kathleen; when beauty, and youth, and innocence encircled her with their light and their grace, as she spoke or moved; he saw her a happy wife and mother in her own home, kind and benevolent to all who required her good word or her good office, and remembered, too, how she used to plead with himself for the afflicted. It was but a moment; yet when their eyes met, that moment was crowded by recollections that flashed across their minds with a keen sense of a lot so bitter and wretched as theirs. Kathleen could not speak, although she tried: her sobs denied her utterance; and Owen involuntarily sat upon a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hell's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ann sin chuaidh sé asteach i g-coill agus tháinig sé go dorus tighe bhig. An uair bhuail sé an doras d'fhosgail cailleach é agus dubhairt, "Ceud mile fáilte rómhad a mhic righ Chaisleáin Buidhe-shamhnuidh, a bhi ag tigh mo dheirbhshiúra aréir. Rinne tu aistear fada anduiu; suidh sios, tá seire reidh agam duit."

D'Nuair d'ith agus d'ól an mac righ, a shaith chuir an chailleach 'nna chodladh é, agus nior mhúsgail sé go maidin. Ann sin d'fhiafruigh an chailleach, "cá bh-fhuil tu dul?" "Ni maith atá fhios agam," ar san mac righ, "d'fhág mé an baile le tobar Deire-an-Domhain d'fhághail amach. " "Tá mise," ar san chailleach, "os cionn cúig ceud bliadhain d'aois, agus ni chualaidh me caint air an áit sin ariamh roimhe, acht tá dearbhráthair agam agus má tá a leitheid d'áit annsan domhan béidh eolas aige uirri. Tá sé 'nna chómhnuidhe seacht g-ceud mile as an áit seo." "Is fada an t-aistear é," ar san mac righ. "Béidh tá ann sin anocht," ar san chailleach. Ann sin thug sí gearrán beag dó, timchioll toirt gabhair "Ni bheidh an beitheach sin tonnán mé d'iomchar," ar san mac righ. "Fan go d-teidh tu a' marcuigheacht," ar san chailleach. Chuaidh an mac righ air an n-gearrán agus as go bráth leis, chomh tapa le tí ianteach.

An uair bhi an ghrian a' dul faoi, an tráthnóna sin, tháinig se go tigh beag i g-coill. Thuirling an mac righ; chuaidh an gearrán beag asteach agus nior bh'fhada go d-táinig sean duine liath amach, agus dubhairt, "ceud mile fáilte rómhad a mhic righ Chaisleáin Buidhe-shamhnaidh, tá tu ag tóruigheacht tobair Deire-an-Domhain." "Táim go deimhin," ar san mac righ. "Is iomdha fear maith chuaidh an bealach sin rómhad, acht ni tháinig aon fhear aca air ais beó," ar san sean duine, "acht deunfaidh me mo dhithcioll duit-sé, fan annso anocht agus béidh spórt againn amárach." Ann sin do ghleus se seire agus thug do'n mac righ é agus an uair d'ith agus d'ól se, chuir an sean duine 'nna chodladh é.

[LE BEITH LEANTA.]

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

UNDERPAID CLERGY.

SOME OF THEM RECEIVE LESS THAN A DRAPER'S CLERK.

The Trials and Final Reward of an English Curate In the Eighteenth Century. Extracts From a Diary Which Tell a Dismal Tale of Privation.

A great deal is heard from time to time about the underpaid clergy. It has been recently said by an English writer that "there are many clerks in holy orders who receive less than clerks in linen draper's shops." This is especially true in Europe, where the clergy, or at least the curates, are paid such miserably poor stipends that but for the generosity of the parishioners they could not live.

In the United States, too, the clergyman, usually a college bred man of talents and refinement, receives a salary altogether out of proportion to his calling and his ability. This remark does not apply to the clergy in the large cities, to many of whom are paid very large salaries. In New York city, for example, it is said that there are 100 ministers who receive salaries of $10,000, and many of them have rectories or parish houses free in addition. But in the country towns, east and west alike, the minister who gets $2,000 is a rare exception. Many, perhaps the majority, do not receive as much as $1,000.

While the reflection may not prove of tangible benefit to these underpaid servants in the highest of callings, still it is interesting to know that in a social and in a financial way, and in the self respect consequent upon these conditions, the clergyman of today is vastly better off than the chaplain or curate of a century ago. In point of abject poverty there are no vicars of Wakefield today, nor any chaplains who figure as jesters or buffoons, as did many of the more favored ones of Goldsmith's day.

The following extract from The Gentleman's Magazine of 1766 shows how poor was the lot of the curate of that time:

"Monday—Received £10 from my rector, being one-half year's salary; obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked 11 miles. Item—The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for £15 a year.

"Tuesday—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

"Wednesday—My wife bought a petticoat for herself and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown. Item—Chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

"Thursday—Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half penny. In a struggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarreled with us, to avoid giving me credit in future, and the butcher sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections these, but a want of humility is, in my opinion, a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve one another, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

"Friday—A very scant dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart and burst into tears. Mem.—Never to contradict her as long as I live, for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy performs an act of virtue, superior to the value of a kingdom.

"Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied and excessively hungry; no more money than twopence half penny in the house, but you see the goodness of God! The strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidently heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend put a £50 note in my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of £300 a year."

An Indian's Diplomacy.

I heard a good story of a celebrated Indian potentate who took an English peer, who was staying with him, out shooting. Truth to tell, the peer shot very badly, and the eastern prince was sorely puzzled to combine oriental compliment and empty gamebags. At last, with a low bow, he said, "Your excellency shot splendidly, but God was very merciful to the little birds!"—London Gentlewoman.

SOME OLD TIME GAMES.

Many of the Present Day Sports Were Borrowed From the Past.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as odd and even was also a favorite with the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British museum. There is also the game of drafts, which was played on a checkered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draftsmen and boxes made of rough pieces of clay, but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved iron headed draftsmen and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay, the arms and legs being jointed with string, and therefore movable. They had a favorite game called Chytriand, which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of today under the well known name of puss in the corner. In France the game is called quatre coins, or four corners. Both in the old game and in the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In ancient Greece he wore an earthen pipkin on his head and was called pot; in France at the present day he is the migaud, or simpleton, and by us is called puss.

To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favorite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusements and the playthings of the very early ages has been maintained in the toys and games in use today.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Save the Forests.

Some years ago the government of Bavaria sent a skilled forester to study the conditions of timber growth in the United States. While here he made the remark, as if speaking of a matter generally known and accepted:

"In 50 years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably prefer American kinds we shall begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

What an instance of scientific forethought, and withal what a warning!

Perhaps it is not yet too late to grow on our own lands the timber we shall need a generation or two hence, but if we are to do so it is time to take rigorous steps to stop reckless forest destruction and to encourage scientific cultivation.

While our government sells outright its forest lands for $2.50 an acre, France obtains almost exactly the same sum yearly from each acre of its forest land by sales of timber. We spend our capital; France makes an income, and safeguards its capital.

Palissy, the famous French potter, who was wise in other things as well as in porcelain, declared that the neglect of forests in his day was "not a mistake, but a calamity and a curse for France." That country has since learned the lesson. When will ours follow its example?—Youth's Companion.

Cotton Gins.

Some recent improvements in cotton gins are claimed to insure much greater economy and efficiency than have hitherto been attained, the difficulty being now overcome of obtaining the full length of the various staples on account of the machinery in use tearing the lint before the parting of the entire length of the fiber from the rollers. As now improved, the machine is so constructed as to allow all changes for meeting these various lengths in staples to be made without even having to stop the operator from his work, whereas the gin now in use not only necessitates the stopping of the machine, but requires a great amount of time in which to effect the change. Another improvement in this machine is an appliance in connection with the inner blade, consisting of a spring which allows it to give when the pressure of cotton passing through the roller is too severe, thus preventing the inner and outer blades from coming in contact with each other. The great wear of the roller is by this means saved.—New York Sun.

Mickey and Con.

A book minded scion of the Verdant Isle was seeking intellectual food at the public library and could not quite make up his mind as to the particular literary repast he wished to make. In his hesitation he wandered over to the case where the freshest volumes of the library's store are displayed for the stimulation of mental appetites. Here he saw a book whose title satisfied him that he had found just the thing he wanted. It was "Micah Clarke," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Approaching the attendant, he said: "Please gimme 'Mickey Clarke,' by Con Doyle, out of that cupboard."

He got the book, but the expression on his face when he came back with it 10 minutes later proved that he had mistaken the nationality of his hero.—Boston Herald.

Cheerfulness.

That cheerfulness can be cultivated is well illustrated by the story of a lady and gentleman who were in a timber yard, situated by a dirty, foul smelling river.

The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards."—Ram's Horn.

Stacked Against Him.

Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich.

Waitress—No?

Traveler—Hadn't you better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WATER LOCATION SENSE.

The Strange Faculty Possessed by Some Reptiles Even When Decapitated.

Reptiles and batrachians usually possess what may be termed the water location sense.

My attention was first called to this by my brother, who, while engaged in a natural history expedition in southeastern Texas, had what at the time we both considered a unique experience with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised some distance from the water, among the sand dunes that line the gulf shore, and on being overtaken had its head chopped off preparatory to serving as a very toothsome addition to our diet. Much to the surprise of the party the beheaded animal continued on its way toward the water.

Several times it was turned around, entirely or part way, but every time it was able to right its position perfectly and again make directly for the water.

At the time this was narrated to me I was of the opinion that there must have been something in the contour of the land that enabled the tortoise to regain the correct direction in each case.

Since then I have had numerous proofs that this ability belongs to a number of species of these animals in the West Indies, and that the loss of eyes and nasal organs, of the entire head and neck, in fact, apparently works no inconvenience to them in this particular. This is a family characteristic which, so far as I have been able to find, is not alluded to in any work concerning them.

The same singular ability may be observed in certain species of water frequenting snake. The common watersnake, often erroneously called the "water moccasin," almost invariably finds its way to the water, if not too far away, when its head is cut off.—St. Louis Republic.

The Color of Man.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man, and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the great being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.—Exchange.

Soap For Chapped Hands.

"Contrary to the general notion," said a well known chemist, "good toilet soap is the best preventive against chapped hands that can be used. I don't mean its general use in washing, but as a salve or balm, just as you would apply camphor ice or vaseline. While the common soap generally used for cleaning about the house is of an alkali nature and chaps the skin terribly, a good toilet soap is neutral and acts as a balm to the irritated skin. In my business I have to wash my hands a great number of times a day. At first I had great trouble, for my skin, being naturally tender, chapped easily, making large cracks in the flesh which made it dangerous for me to work in acids. At last I discovered by covering my hands with good toilet soap after I had washed them—rubbing it well into the skin—that I not only prevented chapping, but kept my hands in elegant condition. Vaseline and salves are very good, but none of them can do the work of a first class toilet soap. As I said, a toilet soap is neutral. A person could eat it without injury. Why, many of the pills which are prescribed for you are made out of nothing more than toilet soap."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was Foggy.

Brazil is the hotbed of "prevaricators for amusement only." It has in actual existence an Ananias club, and rumor credits Judge Silas D. Coffey of the state supreme bench with the presidency. The judge tells a good story at the expense of John Vanes, proprietor of the Vanes boiler works, and a cousin to Carnegie, the iron king. He said that one morning while a party were camping at the judge's cottage they awoke to find the thickest fog on record. Vanes was missing, and a search was instituted. He was found just outside the door, where he was cutting out slices of the fog with a cornknife and spreading it with sorghum molasses for breakfast. Vanes denies this and says he was cutting loose the shadows of night that had got caught in the fog.—Brazil (Ind.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Force of Habit.

Speaking of force of habit, some years ago there was an iron railing around the capitol grounds at Washington. The appropriation bill provided for a watchman to close and lock the gates every night at a certain hour and open them at a certain hour every morning. In the course of time the railing or fence was removed, but the gates swung between their Egyptian pillars for a long time, and all that time the watchman came and went regularly, closing and opening the gates according to law and drawing his salary.—New York Herald.

CONGRESS HAS IT NOW.

CLEVELAND SENDS IN THE HAWAIIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

One Dispatch, However, Received Before His Previous Message the President Withholds—What the Latest Instructions to Minister Willis Say.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The president transmitted to congress all correspondence relating to Hawaii since his last message. The message transmitting additional Hawaiian correspondence is as follows:

"TO THE CONGRESS: I transmit herewith copies of all dispatches from our minister to Hawaii, relating in any way to political affairs in Hawaii except such as have been heretofore transmitted to congress. I also send copies of instructions sent on Jan. 12, 1892, being the only instructions to him that have not been sent to congress. In my former message to congress I withheld dispatch No. 3, under date of Nov. 16, 1893, and also dispatch No. 70 under date of Oct. 7, 1893. Inasmuch as the contents of dispatch No. 3 are all referred to in a dispatch of more recent date, and inasmuch as there seems to be no longer reason for withholding it, the same is herewith submitted. Dispatch No. 70 is still withheld for reasons that seem to be justifiable and proper.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Last Instructions to Willis.

The last instructions to Minister Willis referred to by the president's letter of transmittal as the only instructions not sent to congress are dated Jan. 13. They were sent under cover of a telegram to W. A. Cooper, the dispatch agent at San Francisco, instructing him to forward the following telegram to Mr. Willis by the steamer Mariposa and are as follows:

"Your Nos. 14 to 18 inclusive show that you have rightly comprehended the scope of your instructions and have, as far as in your power, discharged the onerous task confided in you. The president sincerely regrets that the provisional government refuses to acquiesce in the conclusion which his sense of right and duty and a due regard for our national honor constrained him to reach and submit as a measure of justice to the people of the Hawaiian Islands and their deposed sovereign. While it is true that the provisional government was created to exist only until the islands were annexed to the United States, that the queen finally but reluctantly surrendered to an armed force of this government illegally quartered in Honolulu and representatives of the provisional government (which realized its impotence and anxious to get a hold of the queen's means of defense) assured her that if she would surrender her case would subsequently be considered by the United States, the president has never claimed that such action constituted him as arbitrator in the technical sense or authorized him to act in that capacity between the provisional government. You made no such claim when you acquainted that government with the president's decision.

The President's Duty.

"The solemn assurance given to the queen has not been referred to as authority for the president to act as arbitrator, but as a fact material to a just determination of the president's duty in the premises. In the note which the minister of foreign affairs addressed to you on the 23d ult. it is stated in effect that even if the constitutional government was subverted by the action of the American minister and an invasion by a military force of the United States the president's authority is limited to dealing with our own unfaithful officials and that he can take no steps looking to a correction of the wrong done. The president entertains a different view of his responsibility and duty. The subversion of the Hawaiian government by an abuse of the authority of the United States was in plain violation of international laws and required the president to disavow and condemn the act of our offending officials and within the limits of his constitutional power to endeavor to restore the lawful authority. On the 18th ultimo, the president sent a special message to congress communicating copies of Mr. Blount's reports and the instructions given to him and to you. On the same day, answering a resolution of the house of representatives he sent copies of all correspondence since March 4, 1889, on the political affairs and relations of Hawaii, withholding for sufficient reasons only Mr. Stevens' No. 70 of Oct. 8, 1892, and your No. 3 of Nov. 15, 1893.

Were Not Acceptable.

"The president therein announces that the conditions of restoration suggusted by him to the queen had not proved acceptable to her, and that since the instructions sent to you insist upon those conditions, he had not learned that the queen was willing to assent to them. The president thereupon submitted the subject to the more extedded powers and wide discretion of congress, adding the assurance that he would be gratified to co-operate in any legitimate plan which might be devised for a solution of the problem, consistent with American honor, integrity and morality. Your report shows that on further reflection the queen gave her unqualified assent in writing to the conditions suggested, but that the provisional government refused to acquiesce in the president's decision. The matter now being in the hands of congress, the president will keep that body fully advised of the situation and will lay before it from time to time the reports received from you including your No. 3 heretofore withheld, and all instructions sent to you. In the meantime, while keeping the department fully informed of the course of events, you will until further notice consider that your special instructions upon this subject have been fully complied with. GRESHAM.

Big Blaze at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 15.—Fire in the center section of the Syndicate block on Nicolet avenue, destroyed $98,000 worth of property. It gutted the six stories of this section and three-feet fire walls on either side only prevented its spread to the other sections of the block. The smoke permeated the Grand Opera house but did no damage. Loss to the block owned by a syndicate is $60,000, covered by insurance. Other losses are: Filmore & Winchester, $18,000, insurance $13,000; Coleman Wolf, furs and cloaks, $16,500, insured for $13,000; Dyer & Bros., pianos, $3,000; insured.

In Behalf of Vaillant.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—The appeal of the eighty deputies for commutation of the death sentence of Vaillant has been sent unopened from the Palais de l'Elyses to the pardon committee. The Duchess d'Uzes is interesting herself in behalf of Vaillant's daughter, so that the young girl may not suffer by her father's fate. An anarchist meeting was held at Lyons. A thousand persons were present. Vaillant was proclaimed honorary chairman.

GEAR GETS THERE.

The New Senator from the Hawkeye State.

THREE BALLOTS NAMES THE MAN.

Nominating Speeches Dispensed With—Details of the Votes—The Action Made Unanimous and the Chosen Candidate Makes a Brief Speech—Legislative Proceedings — Colorado's Solons Begin a Deadlock.

DES MOINES, Jan. 16.—The caucus of Republicans of the senate and house to nominate a candidate for United States senator was called to order last evening by Senator Funk, and soon accomplished the business for which it met, selecting Gear on the third ballot. Senator Harman was made chairman, and it was decided that no time be wasted in speech making. This brought the caucus to business at once, and it was moved and carried that the vote be by secret ballot. The Republican state committee were admitted to seats and the following names put up to be voted for: Representative Endicott named Gear, Senator Charitey named Stone, Senator Finn presented Hepburn, Senator Cheshire brought out Cummins, Barnquist nominated Coffin, Blanchard named Lacey, and Senator Funk gave the name of Perkins.

J. B. GEAR.

The Three Ballots That Settled It.

The result of the first ballot was as follows: Gear, 42;, Hepburn, 19; Perkins, 12; Stone, 13; Cummins, 12; Coffin, 4; Lacey 10.

Second ballot—Gear, 50; Hepburn, 14; Perkins, 11; Cummins, 13; Stone, 12; Lacey, 8; Coffin, 2.

Third ballot—Gear, 57; Hepburn, 15; Lacey, 6; Cummins, 10; Coffin, 1; Perkins 12; Stone, 11.

On motion Gear's nomination was made unanimous and a committee appointed to escort him to the chair; all the other candidates were also brought to the platform.

The Man Who Won Speaks.

Gear began by thanking the convention and saying he had been honored by the Republican party in the past, but considered this the highest honor of all. He said it was his belief that every man should have the right to cast a ballot free and have it counted. On money he said the dollars of America should be made good everywhere. Applause greeted his disclaimer of sectionalism in representing the state in the national congress, when he said he would know no east, north, south or west, but the whole state. He closed with thanks and was greeted with tremendous applause.

The candidates who did not get there all made brief and felicitious speeches and the caucus adjourned.

The Democrats at their caucus at the Capitol nominated Boles as their candidate for the senate.

Doings of the Legislature.

There was another slide of bills in the senate, one being to prevent monopolies and another to punish train robbery. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions on the deaths of the late Senators Smith and McCall. The house also took a whack at bill introduction. One bill was to regulate oleomargarine, others to amend the road laws, to allow the manufacture of liquors in this state (Sawyer), to amend the prohibitory laws, for a bounty for beet sugar, to prevent prize fighting. Visiting committees to the state institutions were appointed, and notice was given of the withdrawal of the contests against McCabe and Stillmunkes.

DEADLOCK IN COLORADO.

Senate and House Lock Horns On the Question of Going Home.

DENVER, Jan. 16.—The senate, after approving Saturday's journal, adjourned until tomorrow by a vote of 17 to 6. In the house twenty-six bills had been introduced up to 3 o'clock, then being informed of the adjournment of the senate the house took a recess until today. Both sides will hold a caucus today, but so far as can be learned each side remains steadfastly resolved to proceed on the lines laid down; that is, the majority will continue to move for recesses from time to time and to consider no bills whatever, and the minority will vote against such action with the hope of gaining several of the senators in favor of adjournment over to their side.

SOME REAL FIGHTING AT RIO.

Report from Mello Sources Claims Heavy Losses for Peixoto.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Jan. 16.—The engagement between the rebel vessel Guanabara, supported by the guns of Cobras island, when that small warship attacked the government positions along the shore, was very hot while it lasted. The Guanabara had the best of the fight, running close inshore and making very effective use of her guns, which caused the government forces to retire from their positions leaving a number of dead and wounded behind them. Peixoto's officers, while the Guanabara was within easy distance of the shore, suddenly made an attack upon her by means of a number of small boats filled with troops.

But this movement was unsuccessful, as the Guanabara opened such a deadly fire upon them that she easily beat off the boarding parties, killing a number of the soldiers who manned the small craft. As in all these engagements it is difficult to get at the right facts in regard to the number of killed and wounded, but the rebels claim that at least 200 of President Peixoto's troops were killed or wounded. On the other hand Peixoto reports that the losses were trivial.

Insurgent Victory at Rio.

RIO JANEIRO, Jan. 16.—The insurgent forces have captured the island of Engenho, killing forty of the government garrison and taking sixty prisoners.

Another Building Association Opinion.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 16.—Attorney General Moloney holds that where a by-law of a building and loan association provides that a withdrawing stockholder shall be entitled, as his share of the profits one year, to 50 per cent. of the amount his money has earned, he will be entitled to such per cent. of the earnings up to the time of his withdrawal, unless there is some by-law of the association fixing the time at the last annual statement.

IOWA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Ceremonies Attending the Inauguration of Hon. Frank D. Jackson.

DES MOINES, Jan. 12.—With fitting yet simple ceremony Hon. Frank D. Jackson was inaugurated governor of Iowa. It had first been proposed to make the event a great Republican demonstration but on account of the death of Miss Jessica Boies, the daughter of the retiring governor, Mr. Jackson requested that all demonstration be dispensed with. Nevertheless all incoming trains brought big crowds to see Iowa's youngest governor inducted into office and an almost unprecedented multitude for such an occasion was present. Besides ex-Governor Boies there were also among the notable guests ex-Governor Gear, ex-Governor Sherman and ex-Governor Larrabee. The day, though cold, was bright and clear. The inaugural procession formed about 1:30 at the Savery House on the west side and at 2 p. m. began the march to the capitol building. As soon as the procession reached the grounds the doors of the building were closed to outsiders. The military formed in open order and the distinguished party passed between the lines into the capitol.

Crowded with Spectators.

Proceeding to the stand the ceremonies began at once. The doors were again opened to the public after the party had taken seats, and an immense throng filled the corridors both on the lower floor and those above. Every available inch of standing room was occupied by people anxious to see the oath administered. The programme of exercises was as follows: Music by the Iowa state band; invocation by Rev. B. F. W. Crozier; music by the Iowa State band; administration of the oath of office by Chief Justice Granger; inaugural address by Governor Jackson; music by the Iowa State band. After the oath had been administered to Mr. Jackson and the lieutenant governor, Dungan, retiring Lieutenant Governor S. L. Bestow presented Mr. Jackson, who delivered his inaugural address. In the evening a public reception was held in the governor's rooms at the capitol by the governor, lieutenant governor, and the speaker of the house.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY IN KANSAS.

Three Men Strung Up by a Mob of 100 Men at Russell.

RUSSELL, Jan. 16.—For two horses, a saddle, a watch, some clothes, and $50 four lives have been taken. The first was that of Frederick Dinning, whose disappearance last summer aroused the whole country. The other three were taken by lynch law. These were William Gay, a settler, aged 60; his son John, aged 30, and half-witted, and J. G. Burton, a bachelor and stock dealer leaving near Lucas, ten miles northeast. A mob of 100 determined men entered the jail between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, took out the three prisoners, and hanged them to a small railroad bridge a short distance east of the depot in this city.

No one molested the bodies until noon, when the coroner had them cut down. The whole town and travelers on passenger trains had viewed the ghastly spectacle. The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict of death by the hands of persons unknown, and no inquiry will be instituted as to the members of the mob. The community indorsed the action. There was talk of lynching Mrs. Gay, the senior Gay's wife, but it is found she is in hiding. Burton was a hunchback. The crime for which they were lynched was the killing of Fred Dinning in July last on the Burton place, tenmiles northeast of this city.

HANDCAR ACCIDENTS.

Several People Killed by Being Run Down by Engines.

GALENA, Ills., Jan. 13.—E. G. Anderson was instantly killed, John Anderson fatally hurt, Milo Peterson, Hans Anderson and John Swanson badly injured by an accident on the Burlington railroad at Marcus, twenty miles below here. The men were bridge carpenters and were going to Marcus on a handcar after the day's work when the car was struck by a wild engine. The men had been drinking while at work and were partially intoxicated. All live at St. Paul.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 13.—At Woodward an engine of the Woodward Iron company collided with a handcar with the following result: J. V. Neal, section foreman; Louis Frizzle, section laborer, and James Owen, section laborer, killed, and Jim Jackson, section laborer, fatally injured.

DIED ON THE GALLOWS.

Execution at St. Louis of the Murderer of Clementine Manning.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 13.—Samuel Welsor, the murderer of Clementine Manning, spent his last night in eating oysters and drinking beer and talking with the two deputy sheriffs who constituted the death watch. He was escorted to the scaffold at 8 o'clock in the morning. When asked if he had anything to say, he simply replied without a tremor: "Go ahead." The drop fell at 8:03. His neck was broken. In twelve minutes the body was cut down and prepared for burial.

DROWNED WHILE SKATING.

Six Boys Lose Their Lives, Two of Them Being Twins.

JOLIET, Ills., Jan. 16.—The 14-year-old twin sons of Charles J. Frost were drowned while skating.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 15.—While skating on the Blackstone river, two boys named Berry and Nadeau, broke through the ice and were drowned. The bodies were recovered.

SUMNER, Mo., Jan. 15.—Two boys named Sutherland, aged 12 and 14 years, were drowned here while skating.

Lively Battle in Brazil.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The Herald's special dispatch from Montevideo says: A correspondent in Rio sends word that a lively rifle and machine gun duel has been fought between the rebel launches and the government troops on shore in front of the Saude storehouse. The fighting continued for two hours and many were wounded in the fusillade. Shot and shell fell in several parts of the city. During the engagement a shell was exploded near the United States warship Detroit, but no damage was done.

Lighted Bomb in a Madrid Palace.

MADRID, Jan. 15.—A bomb with lighted fuse was found on the staircase of the palace of the Marquis de Olivas, by the son-in-law of the marquis, who crushed out the fire with his foot. There is no clew to the perpetrators of this outrage.

Fifteen Horses Cremated.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 15.—Wilkie's livery stable in Covington, Ky., burned, destroying fifteen horses. The Fifth district school house was badly damaged. Loss, $15,000.

FIFTEEN WERE KILLED.

FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY WRECK AT THE HACKENSACK BRIDGE.

The Brakeman on the First Train Saw the Other Approaching and Shouted, to the Passengers to Jump for Their Lives—The Collision Occurred During a Fog.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—A frightful accident occurred on the west side of the Hackensack bridge, on the Morris and Essex branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad. The train which leaves Roseville at 8 o'clock crashed into the rear of the Dover express, telescoping two cars. Fifteen passengers in these two cars are known to have been killed and at least twenty-five are terribly injured. The Dover express passed through Roseville without stopping. The train which ran into the express is the regular commutation train. It pulled out of Roseville four minutes after the express had disappeared in the fog in the direction of New York. On approaching the bridge over the Hackensack river the express slowed up, for what reason is unknown, but it is thought that the engineer could not see the signals because of the dense fog and that he slowed his train to avoid danger. The commutation train following did not halt at the bridge but came along at its usual rate of speed. The engineer saw the express when less than two hundred feet from it. Although he reversed his engine he could not prevent a collision.

Crashed into the Rear.

The ponderous locomotive crashed into the rear car throwing it from the track for quite a distance. This car and the one ahead of it were completely wrecked. Both cars were full of passengers who were crushed to death or terribly mangled. The engineer of the commvtation train is missing and is said to be among the killed. The brakeman of the rear car of the Dover express discovered that a wreck was inevitable and shouted at the top of his voice "Jump for your lives; another train is coming behind and will be on us in a minute." This warning cry was sufficient to put the entire rear car of the express in a commotion. Passengers rushed mell pell for the nearest means of exit. Some jumped through the windows in their haste while the majority rushed to the doors. In the excitement some fell on the floor while others tumbled over them. Before all the frightened passengers could make their escape the Orange local crashed into the rear car, telescoping it and driving it into the car ahead, also telescoping that, dealing death on all sides.

The List of Dead.

There is much difficulty in identifying the dead and injured. Of the bodies the following is a correct list of those who have been identified: Edward Kinsey, Bernardville, N. J.; William J. Turner, Baskin Ridge, leaves a widow and four children, Summit, N. J.; J. H. Rimmer, Summit; Edward Morrell, Decameron, N. J.; —— Burndhill; A. Hoffman; T. J. Rean, Milburn, N. J.; John Fish, Summit, N. J.; Dr. John Doty, Baskin Ridge; —— Ferguson, Summit, N. J., died on the way to the hospital; W. L. Guilladeau, traffic manager of the Old Dominion Steamship company, resided in Mont Clair, leaves a widow and family; Theodore White, Jr., Newark; D. Cameran, Newark; J. Durinton, Short Hills, N. J.

A list of the seriously injured as far as ascertained is as follows: Fred Ferguson, Summit, badly crushed, will probably die; Miss Ferguson, Summit, injured about the head; William Barcliffe, Gladstone, N. J., scalded; Louis Bedine, Newark, N. J., badly crushed; Edward Pierson, Newark, back and head injured; Frank Schultz, New York, badly injured.

The collision is said to have been due to fog. Trains always slow up when approaching the Hackensack bridge. It is said the South Orange train was running so close behind the Dover express that there was no time to send back a flagman.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

Debating the Tariff in the House—Proceedings in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The debate on the tariff was continued in the house, Brossius, Black, Pendleton, and Payne taking part. In the senate Hoar introduced a petition from labor organizations of Massachusetts urging the passage of the Wilson tariff bill. He said the men were interested in the reduction of the hours of labor, but if the bill passed it would prevent any hours of labor at all.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Immediately after the reading of the president's Hawaiian message in the house the tariff debate was resumed, and Pickler of South Dakota made a vigorous speech on the discrimination the bill made against the farmers.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The work of considering amendments to the tariff began in the house on motion of Crain of Texas. The senate bill relieving the Aransas Pass Harbor company of Texas from the time limitations of the act of 1890 as to the improvements of Aransas Pass was passed. Before the house resolved itself into committe of the whole for the consideration of the tariff bill Boutelle made another fruitless attempt to bring forward his Hawaiian resolution.

In the Senate.

There was an unusual flood of petitions protesting against the passage of the Wilson tariff bill in the senate after the reading of the journal. Martin of Kansas called up house bill authorizing the Shawnee Heat and Light company of Kansas to construct a dam across the Kansas river in Shawnee county, Kan., and it was passed. At 12:45 p. m. the senate on motion of Hill went into executive session to consider the Hornblower nomination.

Another Respite for Painter.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—For a third time George Painter has escaped the hangman noose by a margin of a few hours. He was notified by Sheriff Gilbert that Governor Altgeld had extended him a further reprieve until Jan. 26, in order that the alleged new evidence might be sifted and weighed. The gloomy gallows frowned from a corner of the jail yard and the rope had been tested. All preparations for the event had been completed, and Painter himself had almost given up hope.

Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Charles P. Willard made an assignment in the county court to J. Walker Scofield as assignee. The assets were scheduled at $100,000 and the liabilities at $50,000. Under the firm name of C. P. Willard & Co. Mr. Willard conducted for some years a large iron foundry and boat building establishment at Dominick street and the North branch. A large number of the steam launches used at the World's fair were built by the firm.

PRAIRIE STATE NEWS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR ILLINOIS READERS.

Happenings in the State During the Past Few Days Grouped Together in One Column—Matters Compiled for the Benefit of Our Own People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 12.—The state fair location has at last been decided upon and the state capital gets the prize. During the day the board was besieged by the advocates of the different cities and a number of speeches were made in behalf of the same. General John McNulta eloquently pleaded Bloomington's case and M. O. Clark spoke for Peoria. Springfield's advantages must have been great in the minds of the board for she had a big plurality from the start. Hon. C. L. Conkling spoke for Springfield, and Ex-Senator Johns for Decatur.

Following are the ballots in detail: First ballot—Springfield, 7; Peoria, 5; Decatur, 3; Bloomington, 2; Chicago, 2. Second—Springfield, 7; Decatur, 4; Bloomington, 3; Peoria, 3. Third—Springfield, 7; Peoria, 6; Bloomington, 3; Decatur, 2; Chicago, 1. Fourth—Springfield, 9; Bloomington, 6; Peoria, 3; Decatur, 1; Chicago, 2. Fifth—Springfield, 9; Bloomington, 4; Decatur, 4; Peoria, 3; Chicago, 1. Sixth—Springfield; 9; Bloomington, 4; Decatur. 4; Peoria, 3, Chicago, 1. Seventh—Springfield, 8: Bloomington, 6; Decatur, 3; Peoria, 5; Chicago, 1. Eighth—Springfield, 11; Bloomington, 3; Peoria, 3; Decatur, 1; Chicago, 2.

ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS CONFER.

Meeting of the State Central Committee and What Was Done.

CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—The Democratic state central committee held an open meeting at the Palmer House, invitations being extended to a large number of prominent Democrats to meet the committee and review the condition of the party. Chairman Delos P. Phelps complimented the large gathering upon the healthful condition of the party. P. C. Haley, of Joliet, accused President Cleveland of slowness in removing Republicans from office, and causing bad feeling among active Democrats. He asserted that Cleveland had done nothing to advance the principles of the party.

Before Haley could conclude he was rebuked by the chairman, and on motion an executive session was ordered respecting the remainder of the session, which continued until 4 p. m. Secretary Theodore Nelson stated that reports from every portion of the state indicated that the party was in fighting condition. Action on the selection of a date for the state convention was deferred until the next meeting of the committee on the first Monday in March. Senator John T. O'Malley was elected to the vacancy in the Fourth district caused by the death of C. F. Clarke, and suitable resolutions were adopted on Clarke's demise.

COMPROMISED FOR $1,500.

A Case of Lawlessness in Illinois Settled Out of Court.

CENTRALIA, Jan. 15.—The damage suit for $5,000 brought by Fred Smith against Representative D. W. Holstlaw and his three brothers, Thomas, Richard and Marion, has been compromised and the case stricken from the docket, the Holstlaws agreeing to pay Smith $1,500 to stop proceedings. The suit and its settlement is the sequel to an episode that occurred on the farm of Daniel Holstlaw near Iuka in this county.

The sum of $350 which Daniel Holstlaw had hidden in his woodshed was stolen and he charged the theft on Fred Smith, who was working for him at the time. Several attempts were made to induce Smith to confess, but he denied it. Holstlaw's sons then went to a field where Smith was working and endeavored to frighten him into confession by putting a rope around his neck, and, as Smith claims, stringing him up to a tree. He steadily refused to confess and they left him. He then brought the suit referred to which has been settled as stated.

CUSTODIAN POWER DEAD.

The Man for Many Years in Charge of the Lincoln Monument.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 12.—John C. Power, custodian of the Lincoln monument, died yesterday. He was stricken with apoplexy while on a street car. He was carried home and died a few minutes later. Mr. Power had been custodian of the monument ever since its erection in 1874, and was well known. He was born in Kentucky Sept. 19, 1819.

His duty as custodian was to keep the monument and the grounds surrounding it in presentable condition, and to cover the expense of this work he was allowed to charge an admission fee and also to have a monopoly of the sale of pamphlets describing the monument and souvenirs of it. The state will probably take charge of the monument now and make it free to the public.

TRAIN ROBBERS PLEAD GUILTY.

Two of Those Who Got Into Trouble on the Illinois Central.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Jan. 15.—The three men who attempted to rob the Illinois Central train at this city Sept. 20, 1893, were brought into court at Salem. Hardin and Jones pleaded guilty to the charge of attempted train robbery and not guilty to the indictment for assault with intent to kill.

O'Dwyer will stand trial on both charges. All three will be tried on the indictment for assault and O'Dwyer will be given a separate trial on the other charge. Sentence will not be pronounced on Hardin and Jones until the other case is decided.

State Guardians for Illinois Girls.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 15.—Governor Altgeld has appointed the following state guardians for girls: Frank M. Annis, of Aurora, vice H. H. Waldo, declined, and Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, of Chicago, vice Mrs. George A. Weiss, resigned.

Illinois and the Unemployed.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 15.—Governor Altgeld, in an interview, said that no special session of the legislature would be called to consider the condition of the unemployed unless he found such action to be absolutely necessary.

Gave $10,000 to an Academy.

WARREN, Ills., Jan. 12.—A. M. Jones has endowed the Warren academy, now in its second year, with a sum of $10,000. This is Mr. Jones' old home and he has taken a deep interest in the academy.

Fatally Injured by Gasoline Gas.

NAUVOO, Ills., Jan. 15.—Three children of Frank Kerl will probably die as a result of inhaling gas generated by a gasoline stove.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

New Jersey's supreme court has declared unconstitutional the racing laws passed by the last legislature.

George F. Smith killed Charles Long at Palmer Lake, Wash.

Schaefer beat Slosson in the first game of the billiard tourney, the score being 600 to 206. The wizard's average was 37 8-16.

The wife of the czar of Russia does type writing for her husband.

An attempt was made to burn the Methodist church at Americus, Kan. Kindling wood had been placed under the floor and was burning when discovered.

Herman Ewer was arrested at St. Louis, charged with being one of a gang of counterfeiters.

All the ticket collectors that can possibly be dispensed with are being discharged by the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

Charles Sharp, 18 year old, broke through the ice at Quincy, Ills., and was drowned.

The unusually cold weather of the last few days in southern California has seriously damaged the orange and lemon crops.

* * *

W. T. Conrad hanged himself at St. Louis because of despondency. He was 60 years old and had a daughter 17 years of age.

D. R. Alton has lost at his stock farm at Vincennes, Ind., in three weeks three horses valued at $2,000. It is believed they were poisoned.

Sam Smith, colored, was lynched at Greenville, Ala., for fatally wounding E. L. Harrison.

William Marshall was sentenced at Racine, Wis., to two years in the penitentiary for attempting to kill his wife.

Frank Green, a confidence man from Chicago, was sentenced to eighteen months in jail at Toronto, Canada.

Theodore Stierman has disappeared from Galena, Ills. He left Thursday to visit a son in Dubuque, Ia., but has not been heard from since.

The members of the Illinois state board of agriculture were given an informal reception at Peoria. They are inspecting fair sites.

Samuel Deeters, a double murderer, has been removed from the county jail at Waterloo, Ind., to Steuben county, as it was feared a mob would lynch him.

* * *

Sir Charles Dilke defines a "jingoist" as an "exaggerated patriot."

After living on sandwiches four days at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the Shackford Opera company secured funds to go to New York.

The trial of John Hart for the murder of his sisters at Rockford, Ills., has been set for Jan. 22.

Christopher Ehlers, while hunting at Racine, Wis., was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

Various associations of manufacturers of Pittsburg will be represented in Washington in a few days. Delegations will work to defeat the Wilson bill, centering their forces on the senate.

The rumor that the Union Pacific road would cut wages Feb. 1 is denied at headquarters.

The Reading railroad management ordered wholesale discharges of shop hands at Pottsville, Reading, Schuylkillhaven, Cressona, etc. Curtailment of expenses is the cause.

Water has been turned into the Pecas, N. M., irrigation canal, covering hundreds of miles.

Neils Neilson, a Dane, 24 years old, who is wanted at Hurley, S. D., for murdering Christlan Peter, for whom he worked, was arrested in New York.

* * *

John Holden threw himself in front of an electric motor car at St. Louis. The car was stopped in time to save his life.

The supreme court of Indiana has held the law constitutional that raised the salaries of circuit and superior court judges to $1,500.

A. F. Gault, the Canadian cotton king, has presented $100,000 to the Montreal Theological college.

Burglars broke in the store and postoffice of J. A. Davis at Minier, Ills., and stole $50 in money and $200 in stamps.

Dan Holland of Sterling, Ills., and S. W. Coy of Syracuse, N. Y., were arrested at Sandwich, Ills., for robbing a barber shop.

Chataqua county, N. Y., dairymen met at Jamestown to fight the sale of butterine and oleomargarine as butter.

Robbers entered the farmhouse of John Rudd, near Fairbury, Ills., and stole $100 in cash and $1,000 in notes and bank certificates.

Burglars entered the residence of County Treasurer W. K. Withers at Carrollton, Ills., and secured $500 worth of jewelry.

* * *

J. B. Hicks, express agent at Marion, Ind., was robbed of $600 by burglars. The money was secreted in many places about the house.

After forty-three years occupancy of the editoral chair of an English periodical Charlotte M. Yonge has been retired.

The postoffice at Cory, Ind., was blown open and $132 in stamps and a large amount of cash stolen.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mails as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Butterflies."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Walker Whiteside.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Sport McAllister."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Siberia."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

EDUCATE THE YOUTH OF IRELAND.

While the members of the Irish party are sitting by the wayside, waiting for the Whigs to continue their postponed home rule march, they could not better occupy themselves than by trying to reform methods of education in Ireland. The work of denationalization is proceeding apace in the Irish "National" schools, and, unfortunately, the denominational schools are no better, as regards the fostering of a prideful and patriotic spirit. While the English, Welsh, or Scotch child is grounded from his infancy in the history of his country, and taught to feel a just pride in its history, the Irish child is left in absolute ignorance of all but the most trivial and humiliating part of Ireland's story. This is a national crime, and the so-called "National" representatives of the Irish people are greatly to blame for it; nor do the prelates, clergy and religious communities escape a large share of the censure attachable to so grievous a sin of omission. We have received from a patriotic Irish-American of the state of Virginia—a Catholic in faith—the following letter, which is self-explanatory:

"GRAHAM, Va., Jan. 9.—*Editor of The Citizen:* I read with great interest the article (quoted from the Tuam *Herald*) in your last week's paper relative to the books used in the Irish—or, rather, the English National Schools of Ireland. Let me add that the books used in the Christian Brothers schools in Ireland are no better from a national standpoint. I had a full experience in the National, Model National and Christian Brothers schools in Ireland, and I am fully able to corroborate that article. Not a word of picturesque, historic or national interest is to be found in those books. Whenever you see an Irishman iguorant and ashamed of his country, you will find a graduate of the National Schools. I am glad this matter is being looked into. I hope to see an agitation that will remedy this misfortune, and I hope to see your brave and powerful pen wielded, as it ever has been, in the improvement of our race and people in this crying need until we have such books in the National Schools of Ireland as no Irishman need be ashamed to take up and read. E. D."

The English system of government has done much to degrade and denationalize us as a people, but we have much to blame ourselves for also. Since Catholic Emancipation was won, in 1829, we had only to show a moderate amount of firmness in order to compel Irish history to be properly taught in Irish schools. O'Connell, taken up mostly with political agitation, and trusting too much to oratory and pamphlets to instruct the people, neglected this important duty. So also did the minor leaders of the first and second Repeal movements, except Thomas Davis and other writers for the *Nation* newspaper. Young Ireland, after the death of Davis, was in a life or death struggle with the foreign government, and could do little or nothing to reform the educational system. The same is true of the Fenians, and the leaders of the Parnell agitation were no better. As for the bishops and priests, their main interest, naturally, was in protecting the school children in their faith; Irish history became, consequently, a secondary consideration. Most Protestant children were taught "loyalty" to England—that is to the foreign conqueror and enemy of all Ireland, Protestant and Catholic—in their homes, while the Catholic children drank irregularly from the fountain of patriotism, kept partially filled by tradition, in the cabins to which England and the landlords doomed them. Neither priest nor layman seemed to bother himself about Irish history in the schools, although A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland" is the best juvenile book of the kind ever written—not excepting Dickens' "Child's History of England"—and should be a text book in every Irish school, secular or sectarian.

We have often been shocked in this country by the flippant ignorance of the sons and daughters of even patriotic Irish fathers and mothers, in regard to the history of their cradle land. One would think, to hear them talk, that Ireland had no glorious traditions, and that her struggles for national liberty were merely faction fights. We have heard the great victory of Clontarf, over the Danes, sneered at as if it were a myth, and young Irish-Americans have unblushingly confessed to us that they never heard of Art McMarrough, King of Leinster, who twice baffled Richard II. of England, and kept the English power locked up in a few Leinster and Munster forts until his death; of Hugh O'Neill, who reduced the armies of the even more powerful Elizabeth to the same condition in several pitched battles, or of Owen Roe, who annihilated the Anglo-Scotch Army at Benburb, in 1646. They had heard, in a vague, indistinct, untaught kind of way, of Sarsfield and Tyrconnell, and of the brave and unfortunate St. Ruth, who spilt his French blood for Ireland on Irish soil. They were equally dim and uncertain about the Volunteers of '82, who didn't fight, and of the United Irishmen, of the '98 period, who did. They would sit dumb in company, while some non-Irish bigot insulted their country—their fathers' country—and could not say a word in reply, because they were ignorant of its history. Then they would take refuge in the cowardly pretense that, being American-born, they had no interest in Ireland, and so would purchase unto themselves the contempt of those who witnessed their humiliation. But they, really, are not so much to blame. England, of course, laid the foundation of their historic ignorance by her policy in the land from which they sprang, and the curse followed their parents to this country. Both at home and abroad the history of Ireland has been neglected, and is now neglected. We have never seen a good, honest compendium of Irish history in any Irish or American school book, sectarian or non-sectarian.

Ireland is the proper place in which to begin the reform, and we hope it will be begun by the leaders of the people there without further loss of time. If the history of their country—an impartial, liberal history, free from prejudice, injustice and creed or party coloring—could be placed in the hands of the Irish school children of this period, a deadlier blow would be struck at English usurpation than any dealt by Grattan, O'Connell or Parnell.

THE KNOWNOTHING CONTROVERSY.

The "eloquent war" between "J. C." and "Virginian," in regard to the origin and growth of Knownothingism, still continues to rage in the *Catholic Times*, of Philadelphia, edited by the Rev. Father Lambert. "J. C." beats "Virginian" all hollow on facts and figures, but the son of the Old Dominion puts in some heavy blows in a sentimental way. One passage from "J.C.'s" latest philippic may prove of interest to our Democratic readers here and elsewhere:

"'Virginian' says: '"Since 1865 I have watched for some evidence of intolerance in the Democratic party as a party, or from its chosen leaders, but have failed to see any." Poor 'Virginian.' The gathering shadows of the advancing years have dimmed his vision. This is, I fear, a case that an oculist cannot help, for 'there are none so blind as those who will not see.' Did he never hear that Francis Kernan, a Catholic and gubernatorial nominee on the Democratic ticket in 1876, was slaughtered at the polls by Knownothing Democrats? 'Never but once," writes Gilmary Shea, in 1881, "have New York Democrats been willing to nominate a Catholic for governor, and at once the anti-Catholic Democrats deserted their party in such numbers as to defeat Kernan.' In 1880, William R. Grace, an Irishman and a Catholic, was nominated for mayor of New York. The outgoing Democratic mayor, Wickham, led a revolt against his election for the publicly proclaimed reason that Grace was an Irishman and a Catholic. Wickham made speeches during the campaign against him and Grace narrowly escaped defeat by the small majority of 3,045 votes in a city whose Democratic majority ranges from 40,000 to 70,000, whereas Hancock's majority in the same city over Garfield was 41,283. Their Knownothing spirit lost to the Democrats the presidential election. 'The State of New York given to Hancock would have elected him;' given to Garfield it placed him in the presidential chair. All turned on New York, and mainly on the great cities of New York and Brooklyn. There the Knownothing element in the Democratic party went over to the Republicans in such numbers as to give Garfield a majority of 20,000 in a Democratic State.' (Shea.) Has 'Virginian' forgotten that Grover Cleveland, when governor of New York, caused the freedom of worship bill to be killed in committee, in order that it might not come before him for action? If he signed it he knew his fate would be sealed by Knownothing Democrats; if he vetoed it, he feared that Catholics would resent his action, though on this point he was unnecessarily alarmed, for Irish-Democratic Catholics will vote for any measure or any man that has the hall-mark, no matter what it or he may be. It looks as if they could not be driven out of the Democratic party, and the Knownothings know it. It might be well for them to ponder occasionally the significant advice given by the historian above quoted: 'Nor should Catholics continue to uphold a party which rewards those who insult and injure the most steadfast adherents of its platform.'

GROVER DENOUNCED BY DEMOCRATS

Our fat friend, Grover Cleveland, is not quite as much of an idol with the orthodox Democracy as he was in the fall of 1892, when they used to sing

Four—four—four years more
Of Grover!

Now they sing—

In three—three—three years we
Will turn him over!

At the meeting of the State Central Democratic Committee, held at the Palmer House on Monday, ex-Mayor Haley, of Joliet, paid his respects to his corpulency, saying in part:

"We have been telling our people that the Democratic party is not responsible for the present depression. I tell you that the fault lies with the man in position and power—President Cleveland. He has done nothing since his inauguration to give effect to Democratic policy. The special session was bulldozed by him to suit the whims and the views of the mugwumps and the goldbugs. He has pandered to the opponents of Democracy or has slept at his post." At this point a committeeman called Mr. Haley to order and the committee went into executive session. Then Mr. Haley continued his speech. He said: "Facts are not out of order." He then pitched into the president's patronage policy and Cleveland was roundly denounced for not distributing it more promptly and more fairly.

Well, they would have him. We wish them joy of him. He is firmly planted in the Democratic saddle until March 4, 1897, and cannot be bucked off, no matter how many thornbushes Mr. Haley, and others like him, may put under the tail of the party steed.

KICK THE WHIGS OUT OF OFFICE.

It seems to THE CITIZEN that the reported impatience of the Irish party, of all sections, with the Gladstone ministry is well founded. It cannot be denied that there is a remarkable family resemblance between Morley's rule in Dublin Castle and that of Balfour. Evictions, state prosecutions and harsh arrests are still the order of the day. This may be Whig paternalism, but we should much prefer Tory infernalism, which, at least, has the merit of being honest, if anything English in the government of Ireland can be dignified by that term.

The late Mr. Parnell had a happy way of stirring up the somnolent Whigs, including the Grand Old Fox himself. Whenever they became apathetic, Parnell began to play friendly with the Tories, and even openly coquetted with their leaders on the floor of the house. He had no hesitation in ousting Whig ministers, when he deemed such a policy expedient, and he wisely calculated that the needy Whigs would be more impatient of short commons, when out of office, than the rich Tories. Since the present Duke of Devonshire, Chamberlain, and other wealthy Whigs seceded, the Gladstone party may be described as financially hard up. They cannot afford to quarrel with the eighty Irish National members, including both wings, who hold the balance of power.

But, it may be asked, what would Ireland gain by a change? This much: it would fully demonstrate to the British Whigs that, without the Irish, they are nowhere as a legislative force. It would show the impatient Radicals that Irish autonomy must precede English reform, and, in other words, that home rule still blocks the way. Following a disolution, caused by Irish disaffection, there would be an appeal to the country. An appeal at the present time would mean a defeat of the Whigs, whose foreign policy, not to speak of other policies, is distasteful to the British nation at large.

The Tories represent the fighting English. They are jingoes from both choice and necessity. In the present electrical condition of Europe they would be pretty certain to draw some of the warlike lightning on themselves. The relations with Russia are strained. Those with France are more strained. A leading English paper admitted the other day that England is the most unpopular power in the world. It was not a pleasant confession to have to make, when English pride is considered, but the truth of it struck home. England is despised by the Europe of today. She is no longer a warlike nation. Her army, although grown larger, has degenerated in point of quality. The stalwart Irish peasants and tough Scotch Highlanders, mostly driven to other countries by the landlord system, no longer crowd her ranks. The English soldiery, although courageous, are not physically enduring. They are a softer race than the genuine Celts and less able to bear up against the inevitable privations and hardships of war.

Nevertheless, the Tories are proud, and would risk a fight for the honor of their country. They are furious over the discredited condition of their once boasted navy. Since the wreck of the Victoria in the Mediterranean, every English sailor sleeps with a life preserver in his hammock. He dreams of collisions and "turning turtle." He has no faith in the huge masses of iron which, whenever the most trivial accident occurs, go to the bottom. The Victoria is not the only case in point. France and Russia know perfectly well how badly England is "fixed" both on land and water. But, notwithstanding, as we have said, the Tories would risk a war, in order to bring back British prestige. The Whigs will never fight, so long as they can sneak out of it on any pretext. Consequently, it is Ireland's interest to place the Tories back in power, because they are sure to bring England into trouble. Then Ireland can place a pistol to their heads and compel any terms that may seem best to her. Home rule, in its broadest sense, is the very least she would be offered, but, with a couple of French *corps d'armee* safely landed "in Leinster's plains and Munster's vales" who knows what might happen? Our advice to the Irish Parliamentary party is to eject the Whigs from office, and, by all means, when the Tories come into power, vote for war at every opportunity. But the English must do their own fighting.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Advertisers and friends of THE CITIZEN are hereby warned against the machinations of one Michael D. O'Brien, formerly employed by this office, but dismissed for causes which will be made public, if he insists upon forcing an exposure of his methods. We have no desire to injure the man, although he is an ingrate, and worse, but he, very evidently, desires to injure THE CITIZEN, and we may be forced, as a matter of justice, to be more explicit in regard to his conduct while employed by us, if he persists in his present unmanly and treacherous course. THE CITIZEN will make no charge against him that it cannot fully substantiate by documentary, and other, proof. O'Brien calls himself an advertising agent, and resides at No. 1429 Thirty-third street, city.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The Scottish Assembly of Chicago will celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns at the Auditorium on Thursday evening, Jan. 25. A splendid programme has been arranged, including the drama of "Wallace, the Hero of Scotland," and among the performers will be a lineal descendant of William Wallace, now a resident of Ceylon. The Royal Scots, commanded by Col. James E. Stuart, will appear in their historic tartans, and the charming songs of Burns will be rendered by the Misses Mabel Munro, Anna Voll and Carrie Baenziger. Three hundred young ladies, in Highland costume, will perform the Shean Trews, Highland Fling, Sword Dance, Sailors' Hornpipe, Highland Gypsies and other historic figures and fantasies. The demonstration is expected to be one of the largest ever held in the Auditorium.

THE ENGLISH COMMONS.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., in his recent magazine article on the English house of commons, does not indulge in any very flattering remarks concerning that so-called august assembly. The keen and sharp criticism of the essay is all the more just, emanating from the pen of a gentleman who is perhaps the most moderate and mildest mannered member of that legislature. Mr. McCarthy says that he has never quite understood why the British lower chamber should be considered a highly orderly assembly, or that it should be set up as a model for other such bodies outside the British Isles. "My opinion," he candidly observes, "is that, when it is not dull, it is very often disorderly. The house of commons is about the noisiest and rudest legislative assembly with which I have any personal acquaintance!"

Another defect in the commons is its want of space. If two-thirds of its members took their seats simultaneously, they would be packed together as tightly as peas in a pod. In fact, according to Mr. McCarthy, it has seats for little more than half of its members. It seems a farce for a constituency to bestow a seat in parliament on a candidate who, when he reaches Westminster during a stormy debate, discovers that he can find no seat at his disposal in this parliamentary den. The house of commons has other absurdities, which Mr. McCarthy discreetly avoids referring to. Its tight-laced rules encourage hypocrisy. Mr. Tim Healy, for instance, who loaths Mr. Balfour, is compelled, in answering a speech of the latter's, to allude to him as the right honorable gentleman. Balfour in return must call Healy the honorable and learned member—the second adjective being usually applied to lawyers, though lawyers are not more learned as a rule than most of the other members. A grim official, known as the "Black Rod," and other lackeys of the house are relics of feudal times, and look to the impartial republican eye like so many Don Quixotes who should have been laughed out of existence long since. Mr. McCarthy's followers, who are admirers of British parliamentary institutions, were probably shocked on reading his article. The naked truth is not always palatable to these gentlemen.

NEW EDITION OF MOORE'S MELODIES.

The Oliver Ditson Company, of Boston, Mass., has brought out a revised and enlarged edition of Moore's Melodies, which ought to be welcomed in every American household as a graceful addition to the treasures of deathless song. It is the fashion at present in England to ignore Moore, as well as his illustrious contemporary, Lord Byron, because both were the friends of human liberty, and because the genius of both placed the claims of humanity above the pretensions of despots. Byron, although a poet of the first order, was by no means a good song writer—only one of his lyrics, "A Health to Thee, Tom Moore," having attained popularity. But Moore was both a poet of the first rank and a song writer who is equalled only by Burns, Beranger and a few other masters of the lyric art. It is astonishing, but true, that in many cultivated American homes, Moore is almost unknown, except in a general way. His melodies are rarely ever played or sung except by Americans of Irish birth or origin, and, unhappily, many of these are so little fired by a spirit of proper race pride that his noblest ballads are neglected, or else rendered with some silly apology about their being "old fashioned" and the like. Burns died when Moore was a youth, and yet no Scotch family would be unpatriotic enough to refer to his songs as being out of date. The lyrics of Beranger still fire the fervid heart of France, and yet neither the Scotch nor the French lyrist wrote anything more stirring than the "Minstrel Boy" and "Where's the Slave So Lowly," or more beautifully pathetic than "The Coolin," or "The Last Rose of Summer." Irish-Americans, at least, should be grateful for the Oliver Ditson Company's revival of the grand old melodies, and they should have an immense sale. The Chicago agents are the enterprising firm of Lyon & Healy. Many of Moore's songs, not included in the original Melodies, are published, with the music, in the new volume.

CLEVELAND AND CATHOLICS.

There is a remarkable development of Democratic Knownothingism in the statement telegraphed from Washington that Cleveland hesitates to appoint Mr. M. J. Russell collector of customs at this port, because he happens to be a Catholic! And what are the arguments used in this connection? That Postmaster Hesing is a Catholic; that Mayor Hopkins is a Catholic; that several other office holders in this city are Catholics. How absurd; how childishly absurd! What, in the name of commonsense, has the collection of customs to do with the creed an official of the government professes? During long, long years in this city, no Catholic held an important federal, or even municipal, office, and yet the Catholic citizens never made any trouble about it. Are we back in the dark ages, when a Democratic president, elected mainly by Catholic votes in the pivotal states, hesitates to appoint Mr. Russell because he is a Catholic? Mr. Russell was not asked by Abraham Lincoln what his creed was when, as a volunteer only 16 years of age, he braved the dangers of the siege of Lexington, Mo., with his uncle, Col. Mulligan. Nor was his creed questioned when he took brave part in the Virginia campaigns of the succeeding years of the war. Why should it be questioned now, and by a a Democratic administration, which would, most likely, denounce a Republican administration as Knownothing, if, under the same circumstances, it hesitated in a similar manner? Truly Cleveland is a wonderful prophet.

THE readers of THE CITIZEN will find a highly interesting article on the house of lords, from the London *Speaker*, in the current issue.

THOMAS DWYER, foreman of a hose company in Kansas City, Mo., was killed on Friday night week while en route to fight a fire. His funeral occurred from the Cathedral, where requiem high mass was celebrated, to the Catholic cemetery, and was very largely attended. The obituary sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Glennon.

THE Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of the Nativity parish, treasurer of the Mrs. Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the receipt of $7.31 for said fund, sent by Michael Davitt through THE CITIZEN.

DESPATCHES to hand from St. Petersburg announce that the condition of General Gourko is very serious. Gourko is the leading Russian general of today. If he dies, the Czar's empire will have lost its ablest military defender. His martial feats during the Turco-Russian campaign in 1877 will live forever in history.

THE Marquis of Leuville, a genuine French noble, who was known for years as the fiance of Mrs. Frank Leslie, is at present residing in London, where that lady's lately discarded husband, Willie Wilde, is located. The Marquis, who is tired of playing the purely platonic role of a promised spouse, has given up the pretty widow, and divorcee, and has turned to ballads inging! Doggerel, entitled "Silent Bell" and "The First Kiss," wedded to music of a similar character, is being issued from the Marquis' pen by a London publisher. How the mighty have fallen!

How does President Cleveland relish the Hawaiian hornets' nest that he has aroused about his ears? It makes him very tired, probably.

WONDERS will never cease. The Derry *Journal* announces that near the townland of Feeny in that county, an old man named David Little, aged 116 years, is still alive. He was 21 years of age in 1798, took part in the rebellion of that year and was an enthusiastic United Irishman. He is probably the sole survivor of the gallant men of '98. God bless his hoary locks.

MR. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, M. P., has been appointed editor of *United Ireland*, vice Mr. Edmund Leamy, who has resigned. Mr. Harrington is the third editor of that journal. William O'Brien was the first. The National League secretary was formerly editor of the Kerry *Sentinel*.

WHEN The O'Cleary, of the old Papal Brigade, was awarded a similar honor to that recently accorded to Mr. Onahan, of this city, he was given the title of Chevalier O'Cleary. What's the matter with Chevalier Onahan? What's the matter with The O'Onahan?

THE citizens of Dublin had a gorgeous fanfaronade of it on New Year's Day at the inauguration of the "Lud" Mayor, Alderman Dillon. Following the old English custom peculiar to such ceremonials, the procession marched through the streets of the capital. Taking part in it were such curiosities, or rather antiquities, as the following: The famous old gold coach, the city marshal on horseback, the civil state carriage with its outriders decked in liveries of rich plush, and sundry other mummeries of a by-gone age. What a spectacle of Irish Anglicism for gods and angels!

SOVEREIGN is the name of the new leader of the Knights of Labor. An unfortunate name it is, for it is suggestive of kingships for which we have no use in this country where Demos is sole monarch.

THE ladies of the Union Catholic Library Association held a meeting in the library rooms on Saturday, and after a pleasant discussion, resolved to re-organize the Reading Club, and, have its meetings resumed on Saturday afternoons. The opening meeting of the club will take place on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 20, and a very attractive programme is being prepared.

MR. GEORGE W. LYON, a distinguished business man of this city, died recently at Jacksonville, Fla., after a protracted illness.

THE United States navy is only a seventh rate one. Although nine additional vessels were launched in 1893, Secretary Herbert informs us that we have not a single man-of-war that would be able to cope with any of the best men-of-war of the great powers of Europe. This is a standing reproach in a country that ought to lick creation in everything; but the present administration will do nothing in this matter. They simply launched the ships which were mostly ordered under the Republican regime.

MR. ALFRED P. GRAVES, the Irish poet and son of the Protestant bishop of Limerick, has just published two songs, "Sweet Isle" and "The March of Maguire," which have been set to music by Mr. Villiers Stanford.

VICTORIA, "by the grace of God," etc., was requested to subscribe to Booth's London dinner, given every Christmas day to a few hundred waifs and strays of that city. She replied through her secretary to the effect that she couldn't contribute anything. What a mean, penurious old lady!

WHO is this Mr. C. Diamond, M.P., who poses so quixotically as the champion of the political virtue of the leading McCarthyites? THE CITIZEN believes that he is an Anglo-Irishman who represents an Irish constituency. He is also, it is alleged, a newspaper publisher. Were not Messrs. Healy, Dillon, O'Brien, and Tanner sufficiently well able to defend themselves against the taunts of an English newspaper that they were paid salaries by the Irish people? Diamond is a mere busybody. Let him stick to his own last.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, an English poet, writes a letter to the London press in which he condemns the placing in Westminster Abbey of a window to James Russell Lowell's memory, as he was only an American *flaneur* and diner-out. THE CITIZEN admits that Lowell was worthy of a place in the ranks of our second-class poets, but as a man he had no backbone. He was an admirer of everything English. He dearly loved lords and was never so happy as when in their gilded society. Hence the window to his memory.

MACALLISTER, the "boss" of New York's Four Hundred, is out with a manifesto against income tax. He is right this time. A cheer for Mac!

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A SONG OF LIBERTY.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

For seven centuries
Thy mountains and the seas
That roll about thee green as memory
Have heard thy children cry
Those words that never die.
That pledge their country shall unconquered be.

The con-treasured hate,
The wish condign of fate
Ordaining thee such ills to undergo,
Shall live to evidence
That thou shalt issue thence
From out the furnace brighter for the throe.

Torture's iron crown
May wear the forehead down
And tyranny's steel impale the quivering heart,
The musical blood may run
From out the channels spun
By Nature in her poet-moods of art.

The voice may feeble grow,
The cheek resign its glow,
Still the trembling lips of age repeat the rhyme,
The flashing eye may dim,
But the glory of the hymn
Rings on and thunders down the halls of time.

O, ye immortal men
Who combated the sin,
Grattan, O'Connell, Emmet, victor three,
And all ye Gaelic brave
Who slumber in the grave
Your names are watchwords now of liberty.

Not lost the heights ye gained
The spirit then that reigned
The wisdom cool, the firm unflagging zeal,
The seer's prophetic glance
The poet's fervid trance
The hands that yearned to do what hearts could feel.

Not all undone the right,
Not wholly quenched the light,
The world is with thee, welcome it and praise
The broadening of mind
The love of human kind,
The liberal trend of these progressive days.

Then stand not, Gaels, apart—
Join hand and soul and heart,
And pass along the fiery shibboleth,
Let freedom's fervor nest
In every Irish breast,
And thrill each tone and burn along each breath.

Then shall the hour be near
Whose grandeur shall endear
Remembrance of it in the time to come,
The hour so long foreseen
When Ireland as a queen
Shall rise resplendent from her martyrdom.

The years are rounding now
To crown her peerless brow
With fold on fold of full magnificence,
And scars of wounds that burned
The laurel wreath she earned
Shall hide, beneath its leaves of recompense.

NAPOLEON'S DECLINE AND FALL.

In the January number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* appears the first of what promises to be an interesting series of articles by Lord Wolseley upon the last four great campaigns of Napoleon. The series is to be called "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon."

Lord Wolseley begins by noticing the sharp contrast which exists between Napoleon's campaigns which preceded that of 1812 and those which followed from that date onwards. Up to the year 1812, the time of Napoleon's great expedition against Russia, every war that Napoleon had personally conducted had in the long run proved victorious. From 1812 onwards, each war in succession, that of 1812, of 1813, 1814 and 1815 ended in disaster for him. Lord Wolseley therefore begins inquiring whether we are to attribute this to a personal change in Napoleon or to other circumstances which made the result inevitable. His conclusion appears to be that in a degree the cause must be sought for both in the fact that Napoleon was neither physically, morally nor mentally the man that he had been in earlier years, and that the pressure of his system upon Europe had gradually raised up both in France itself and throughout Europe such a spirit of resistance to his rule as made the task which he had set himself impossible. We presume from this introduction that he purposes to trace the effect of both these causes in each of the campaigns with which he deals. The present article is, however, restricted throughout the greater part of its length to the great invasion of Russia and the disastrous retreat from Moscow. Two very effective contrasts are drawn by him; one between the hardy Corsican lieutenant who was endeavoring to find food for himself and his brother on his slender pay, and the ruler of all Continental Europe outside Russia, surrounded by wealth and luxury. The other between Napoleon as he appeared during the great gathering in Dresden preceding the invasion, when, with Marie Louise by his side, he presided over pageants which were attended by the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, the Viceroy of Italy, and hosts of reigning Dukes and Ministers of European renown, all attending virtually for the purpose of doing him homage, and the Napoleon who seven months afterwards arrived "at the gates of the Tuileries a solitary fugitive in a hackney coach by night, fresh from the horrors of the ghastly retreat." Lord Wolseley then shows that, though the grand army which was collected on the Niemen numbered over half a million men, including four splendid corps of cavalry, with 1,200 guns, the secret causes of weakness were even then eating into the strength of that mighty host. In order to supply it with the transport necessary to carry forward its food and ammunition, unwilling drivers had been made to fill the vast trains of carts and horses impressed by force from the very countries which most detested his rule. Small wonder, therefore, that when torrential rains fell upon the unmade roads, which soon became deep in mud, these men took every opportunity of plundering the stores which they were supposed to be carrying forward; or if breakdowns and all sorts of accidents for which it was impossible to make any one responsible blocked the vast mass of vehicles and made movement impossible, so that men and horses starved for lack of provisions. The marshals went to war jealous of one another, and, disliking the whole expedition, failed at every point to give effect to Napoleon's best laid schemes.

Throughout, Lord Wolseley considers the planning of Napoleon's merely military movements to have been generally as perfect as ever, though he made one curious mistake in the detail—that of not arranging for the rough shoeing of his horses during the winter retreat. He considers, however, that there was a want of the old sense of proportion and calmness of judgment, both in his not limiting his advance for the first year to Smolensk and in the long delays which he allowed to take place, more especially at Wilna, where he remained for eighteen days, though rapidity was more necessary to him than in any previous campaign.

Another mistake, that of not raising Poland into an independent kingdom, Lord Wolseley attributes to the influence upon him of his admission into the reigning families of Europe by his marriage, and the hatred of republicanism in any form which had gradually grown upon him with the exercise of monarchical power. Striving throughout the campaign to bring the Russians to a decisive battle, he failed to do so until Barclay's perpetual retreats had so disgusted all classes in Russia that he was superseded by Kutosof. Then at last, when within seventy-five miles of Moscow, the Russian army was drawn up to receive him. In all probability the battle would have been decisive, but that just at the most critical moment Napoleon became incapable of decision because of one of those strange attacks of a mysterious malady which had now become periodic with him.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN DWYER.

Mr. John Dwyer, a native of Thurles, county Tipperary, died at his residence, No. 514 West Taylor street, aged 87 years, on the 8th inst., of infirmity and superannuation. He was buried from the Jesuit church on the 11th, by carriages to Calvary. The funeral was largely attended. He has six married children in Chicago and one in California.

MRS. PATRICK BOYLE.

The Toronto, Can., *Catholic Register*, of Jan. 11, contains the following:

"It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Patrick Boyle, wife of our respected manager. About a month ago Mrs. Boyle was stricken down with the grippe, which in a few days developed into pneumonia of a grave form. The physician succeeded in allaying the lung trouble, but a more serious difficulty presented itself when the disease attacked the heart. For some time the patient gave slight hope that she would rally. It was, however, hoping against hope. Never very strong she astonished her friends at the struggle she did make against her illness, but yielded on Saturday, the 6th, when death claimed its victim. The funeral took place from St. Basil's church on Tuesday and was well attended, a mark of respect for one whose retiring disposition and love for home commanded all the more the admiration of the few who knew her.

"Mrs. Bridget Helen Boyle, third daughter of the late Adjt. John Hynes of Kingston, was born at Cornwall on April 1, 1835. The family moved to Dundas, whence, in a few years, Miss Hynes came to Toronto. Here she married Mr. Patrick Boyle, Nov. 28, 1861. Of her nine children only three survive: one married daughter, Mrs. Dowdall of Almonte, Ont., and two younger daughters still at home.

"We extend to our stricken friend and his now motherless family our sympathy for the great loss they have suffered. May her soul rest in peace."

FATHER O'SULLIVAN'S WELCOME HOME.

The *Southern Star*, a county Cork paper, of recent date, contains a long account of the reception accorded the Rev. James O'Sullivan, parish priest of Aughadown, and brother of Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Cummings, Ill., on his return to his home from a long visit to the World's Fair. The *Star* says:

"Not until shortly before the arrival of the 5:4 p. m. train from Cork was Father O'Sullivan's return known, but nevertheless, a number of the representative parishioners met the reverend gentleman at the train, and gave him a cordial 'Welcome Home,' and later in the evening fires were lighted on the hills in Aughadown. On Sunday evening a demonstration of welcome took place at Father O'Sullivan's residence at Kilcoe, a large number of the parishioners assembled around the house, and a tar-barrel having been ignited, the rugged shore re-echoed the cheers of the people. Father O'Sullivan, with whom were a few friends, including the respected and zealous curate of the parish, Rev. P. Hennessy, C.C., who had charge of the district during the absence of Father O'Sullivan, came among the people and was greeted with renewed cheers. A few appropriate words of welcome were addressed to the reverend gentleman by Mr. James Hickey, P.L.G., Mr. Daniel Gallagher and Mr. P. Driscoll. Father O'Sullivan replied, expressing his warm appreciation of the unexpected demonstration. He told them that he had visited many of their relatives and friends in the United States and found them all hopeful and prosperous. The Irishmn beyond the sea were leaders and heads in everything in due proportion to their numbers, and they had reason to be proud of, and to love, their exiled brethren, whose hearts were as full of affection and love for the old land as ever. He might go on for hours telling them of his happy and pleasant experiences, but as the night was advancing he would postpone that to another occasion, and concluded by again thanking them for their warm and flattering Welcome Home.'

The Rev. P. Hennessy in response to repeated calls, then addressed a few words to the assemblage, uniting with them in their rejoicing at the return of their pastor. The people then dispersed with loud cheers for Father O'Sullivan and Father Hennessy."

MR. HENNESSY'S STATEMENT.

[*To the Editor.*]

As a matter of justice to me, I hope you will give sufficient space in THE CITIZEN for the following statement in connection with the robbery of stamps from my window on the 11th inst., while I was employed as a clerk in the retail stamp department of the Chicago postoffice: The current report of the affair asserted that I made no outcry at the time, and insinuated other things that, in my opinion, require explanation.

I was in my office attending to my duties, as usual, about 2 o'clock p. m. when the strong wind, blowing from the west, compelled me to leave my position at the stamp window, and close another window, which was open immediately behind me. I left my stamps, and some currency obtained from sales, in their usual place beside the window, and, having closed the other, turned around to resume work. At that moment I saw an arm thrust through the stamp window—a hand grasped the stamps and disappeared with them. I gave the alarm immediately, and rushed around to the door and into the corridor. There were near me in the office at the time, Mr. Eric Bjornstrom, my fellow clerk, and Mr. McHale, assistant custodian of the building. Both heard the outcry I made, saw me rush to my window, and then into the lobby, where I asked, in a loud tone of voice, whether anybody saw the stamps taken from my window, and was answered in the negative by two men, who were standing on the other side of the lobby. Mr. McHale, who saw the arm thrust through my window, rushed out with me to the corridor and heard the outcry I made. There was no policeman in the lobby. Mr. Bjornstrom saw me rush to the window and heard me make the outcry. Both these gentlemen are willing to make a statement to the foregoing effect. They saw also that there were no stamps left at all on the pad from which I had been selling. Mr. Walstrom, another of my fellow-clerks, had remarked the large number of two-cent stamps I carried.

I also wish to state that my bondsmen were not compelled to make up the shortage occasioned by the robbery, although both were perfectly willing to do so, if it had become necessary. The government has lost nothing, and I alone have suffered financially by the unfortunate occurrence.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY.

Chicago, Jan. 15.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. E. Kramer will succeed Father O'Brien at St. John's.

The Rev. Father McGuire, of St. James' church, is visiting in the South.

The Rev. J. Code has been appointed an assistant pastor at St. Malachy's.

The Rev. Father Hitchcock, formerly of St. Malachy's, has been transferred to St. Agnes' church.

The Rev. F. X. Meurer, C.S.S.C., has returned and will be permanently located as one of the pastors at St. Michael's church.

On New Years' day Mr. Frank G. Rohner, the former organist of the Holy Family church, presided at the grand organ in that church.

The course of university extension lectures was resumed in St. James' chapel Tuesday afternoon by Prof. R.G. Moulton. Subject: "An Ancient Tragedy for English Hearers.

A euchre party was held at the home of Miss Donohue, No. 398 West Adams street, Wednesday afternoon, by the Society of the Children of Mary, in aid of the fund of the sewing for the poor.

The new church of St. Monica, the parishioners of which are colored people, was solemnly dedicated last Sunday. The church is situated on the corner of Thirty-sixth and Dearborn streets, and is in charge of the colored priest, Father Tolton.

There was pontifical high mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock, in honor of the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. Archbishop Feehan officiated. Solemn vespers were recited at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

A substantial testimonial to the Rev. M. O'Brien, late assistant pastor of St. John's church, was prepared by a number of his friends, in recognition of his labor and zeal while in their midst. A delegation was sent to Lemont last Sunday to formally present him with the gift.

The Right Rev. Bishop Dunne, of Dallas, Texas, took his departure last Monday in a special train over the Rock Island road for his diocese. He was accompanied by Rev. Richard Dunne, Rev. Louis A. Campbell, Rev. Edward Kelly, Rev. Fathers Henneberry, Tynan, Dorney, Carter, Maloney, McShane, and McGuire.

The ladies of the Union Catholic Library Association held a meeting in the library rooms last Saturday, and after enjoyable discussion resolved to reorganize the Reading Club and have its meetings resumed on Saturday afternoons. The opening meeting of the club will take place this (Saturday) afternoon. A very attractive programme has been prepared for the entertainment of members and friendt.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

IRISH NEWS.

A man named John Burke, Trelycalliday, county Armagh, was drowned on Christmas morning in a flaxhole, on his was home from Armagh. He was about 77 years of age.

About 8:30 o'clock on the evening of Sunday week Maurice O'Neill, a resident of Townsend street, Dublin, was terribly injured at the railway station in Enniscorthy. As the up-train was entering the station O'Neill attempted to catch the handle of the door of a third class carriage, and in doing so missed his hold, and overbalancing himself, fell between two of the carriages, the wheels of which passed over his feet. The unfortunate man was also badly injured about the head and arms.

On Tuesday, Dec. 26, Sergeant Devlin, of the Gleneask Police Station, near Aclare, county Sligo, killed himself in his bedroom by blowing out his brains with a revolver.

A movement is now under way for the reopening of the Drogheda and Navan canal. The board of works, who had exercised control over the canal, and imposed and collected the dues on horses and boats plying upon it, have decided to relinquish their ownership and control, and they have offered to give the sum of £3,000 to any party or company who will advance £3,500 for the development and improvement of the canal. It is expected that the Drogheda Steamship Company will subscribe £1,200 of the latter amount to the company now being formed, and they will have representation on the board of directors. Two new screw steamers suitable for the canal traffic will be constructed. The movement has the warm and hearty support of the business men of both Drogheda and Navan.

On Thursday week a serious fire broke out in the extensive flour mills of Messrs Gilliland, at the Rock, Loddonderry, by which damage to the amount of £10,000 was done. A building 100 feet long and five stories high was completely gutted.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Irish Times* by the Right Hon. Lord Ffrench, who is at present in South Africa:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'IRISH TIMES'—*Sir:* My attention having been called to a paragraph appearing in your issue of the 7th of November last, in which it is stated that 'the late Baron Ffrench was a decided Home Ruler,' but that 'the new Lord Ffrench does not, it is understood, belong to the same political party as his father,' I wish to state that, although I have not the honor to belong to any home rule association, my sympathies are entirely with the Irish Parliamentary party, and I wish them every success in their efforts to restore peace and prosperity to the country."

FFRENCH.

The death is announced of Mrs. John Lynam, which occurred at her home in Castlejordan. The funeral was largely attended, a great number being present from Kildalkey and Ballivor.

Regarding the extra police in Galway the Tuam *Herald* contains the following: "Mr. Patrick McHugh asked the chief secretary whether he had observed that Mr. Justice Murphy, in addressing the grand jury of Sligo at the opening of the Connacht winter assizes, congratulated them on the unexampled immunity from crime of all kinds in the province of Connacht at the the present time; and whether, in view of the peaceful condition of the province, he will withdraw all extra police now stationed in it, so as to relieve the inhabitant ratepayers from additional taxation. Mr. Bryce, replying, said: 'The language used by the learned judge was to the effect that there was little serious crime to be tried at the Connacht assizes. The force of extra police now serving in the province is one of sixty-five men in the East Riding of Galway, and the question of the possibility of reducing this extra police force will be taken into careful consideration in the course of a month.' It is thus learned from this question that in this county, in one riding alone, there are sixty-five extra police, while as a matter of fact the condition of the entire district was never so peaceable and crimeless."

The postmaster general states that the assumption is unfounded that the contract for the delivery of mails at Queenstown is about to terminate.

Several of the Irish newspapers are advocating the establishment of various industries in that country. Relative to the boot-making trade the *Irish Times* says: "Thirty years ago the importation into Dublin of English and Scotch made boots and shoes may be said to have commenced, and from that period the native industry rapidly declined. Up to that time great numbers of artisans were locally engaged in this important industry, but they have declined to an alarming extent, though the manufacture of the home-made article is not entirely extinguished. There is a large factory in Back lane, which is extensively engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and which gives a great amount of employment to men, boys, and girls, and in various parts of the city master shoemakers are still to be found who keep numbers of men and women at work in their own homes. This is satisfactory so far, but very much more than this is required. The trade wants to be thoroughly resuscitated and brought back to the footing on which it stood fifty years ago. With a population of over 300,000 individuals in Dublin, all of whom wear boots or shoes of some description, it should not be found impossible to restore the prosperity of this ancient Irish industry, and this could be promptly effected if the citizens lent a helping hand, and make up their minds to encourage native manufacture.

RECENT DEATHS:—Dec. 25, at Salterstown, Patrick Harmon, son of the late Thomas Harmon, Ardee; age 30 years.

Dec. 25, Edward Holohan, Gragara, Jenkinstown, after a few days illness. Interment took place at Conahy.

Dec. 23, at Trivoli terrace, Tramore, Miss Catherine Brennan, aged 85. Her remains were conveyed to St. Mary's, Ballygunner, for interment.

Dec. 20, at 68 Lower Leeson street, Dublin, Miss Mary Frances Crean-Lynch, eldest surviving daughter of the late Capt. Andrew Crean-Lynch, of Hollybrook and Clogher house, county Mayo.

Dec. 27, at his residence, Belanadrick, Collon, Patrick Carolan, father of Rev. Francis Carolan, C.C., Faughart, Dundalk.

Dec. 27, at 7 Upper Camden street, Dublin, Charlotte, widow of John B. Dowling.

Dec. 28, at his brother's residence, Abbey street, Wicklow, George Fitzsimons, aged 84 years.

Dec. 27, at Kiltimagh, Patrick Jordan, clerk of the petty sessions; aged 73.

Dec. 26, at Ballina, James Hannan, of the inland revenue, aged 34 years.

Dec. 26, at Arbuckle Row, Ballina, Bryan Sheridan, aged 74.

Dec. 26, at her mother's residence, Casino, Rathdrum, Mary A., daughter of the late Myles O'Donnell.

Dec. 28, at 12 Blackhall street, Dublin, John Miller, sanitary officer, late of Kingstown.

Dec. 23, at Lissardmore, Patrick, son of Patrick and Eliza Woods, aged 23 years. The interment was at the family burial ground, Kilgarvin.

Something Interetisng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between Adolph Schwerin, Leopold Pincoffs and John Silha—said firm being engaged in the business of manufacturing clothing—is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Leopold Pincoffs succeeding to said business, and to whom all accounts due said firm should be paid, and who assumes all indebtedness. John Silha and Adolph Schwerin withdrawing from said firm.

(Signed) ADOLPH SCHWERIN,
LEOPOLD PINCOFFS,
JOHN SILHA.

Chicago, December 23 A. D. 1893.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—Ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Cora Wilson vs. Samuel Wilson. In Chancery. Gen. No. 158,479. Affidavit of non-residence of Samuel Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Samuel Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.
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BABY.

Little robe of snowy hue,
Daintily embroidered, too,
Softest garments all in white,
Greet the baby's wond'ring sight.

Every stitch a hope enfolds,
Which the loving mother holds.
E'en the filmy lace unfurls
Threads of love in tiny pearls.

Other loves are deep and true,
But a mother's, ever new,
Keeps its luster burning bright
Fed from fountains of delight.

Thus her loving care provides
And each infant footstep guides,
Watchful, lest the tender feet,
Straying, might some pitfalls meet.

Baby's eyes—ah, we forgot!
Say, has't ever been thy lot,
Gazing in those depths, to see
Mirrored there reproof for thee?
—M. Ellen Smith in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

A STUDY IN SMOKE.

In the highest part of a large and imposing building, situated on the street Chaussee-d'Antin, a young man of the name of Passeraud perched like a sparrow on the topmost branch of a poplar tree. The manners of this young man were peaceful and orderly; his temper was gentle; his bearing modest; his clothes were patched. The janitor had expressly forbidden this insignificant tenant to have in his possession a dog, a violin, a sewing machine—anything, no matter what, which was cumbersome or noisy. He was enjoined to come in very early at night. It was a question in the neighborhood how he managed to keep his hands clean, for the janitor had forbidden him to take up any water, because this liquid, carried carelessly in jugs by his youthful hands, might dampen the stairs. However, by good will and good humor, Passeraud had succeeded in making his presence supportable, although only a poor devil in a house inhabited by bankers, favorite tenors, diplomats and commissioners of accounts.

He had recently left the Ecole Centrale with an honorable standing, and almost immediately the Calcium Mining company of the upper Peloponnesus had offered him a position—$100 a month to begin with—which would have put him out of the reach of want, but as he dreamed of inventing an automatic brake, which would prevent locomotives from coming into collision on the railroad or at least would reduce the force of the shock, he had refused the offers of the mining company, to give himself night and day to the drawing of innumerable diagrams of the brake in question. Therefore he looked forward to glory and fortune, but while he waited he was dying of hunger. That mattered not to him; his invention—he was absolutely sure of that—his invention was on the point of succeeding.

One day on the first flight of the staircase he encountered a young girl, blond and exquisitely dressed and so graceful that a scholar would immediately have called her a goddess—as shown by her bearing. She went forward and disappeared, light and supple, leaving behind her a subtile odor of lemon verbena, and Passeraud, astonished, remained motionless in the middle of the landing for five minutes with his mouth open, as though he expected that the vision of his peerless neighbor would present itself to him anew.

The next day, by a coincidence which we would like to believe quite fortuitous, Passeraud was on the same landing exactly at the same hour again. The young girl passed, and as it seemed blushed in passing. Fearing that he had wounded her, Passeraud resolved never to come down the staircase at that hour again.

The following day, however, he remembered that urgent business compelled him to go out at a moment exactly identical with that when leaving the house was quite forbidden him by his decision of the day before. He took up his hat, annoyed at this business which exposed him to the danger of embarrassing with his presence a person whom he would not have troubled for the world. What he dreaded happened; a new meeting took place, and Passeraud was inconsolable, the fair maid having blushed more than before.

He was accordingly enraged against himself; the unknown one, scandalized at being thus followed, would very probably take steps to keep herself out of his way. In order to convince himself of this misfortune, Passeraud sought the same place every day at the same hour, and every day drew aside on the staircase to let his neighbor pass. Brought up politely by his mother, he bowed at each meeting. At the end of some time it seemed to him that the slight inclination of the head which he received in return took on an aspect almost friendly.

Having noticed this, he went to look at himself in the mirror of a shop—in his room there was nothing of the sort—in order to know if his person was such that it might please so accomplished a young girl. Then he saw that, even though the cut of his overcoat was bad, there was nothing repulsive about his looks. Next he inquired with caution concerning the first name of the pretty young lady of the first floor. He did not know why, but he had a strong desire to know her first name. When he had learned that it was Valentine, he was quite enchanted.

These comings and goings were not of advantage to the automatic brake; the diagrams were neglected.

At last Passeraud took a decided step; he dressed himself as well as possible, went down to the apartments of Valentine's father, who was no less a personage than M. Lamantin, owner of the large and imposing building, and said to him, "Sir, I have the honor to ask for your daughter's hand."

"My daughter's hand!" said the astonished old gentleman, eying Passeraud from head to foot. "For whom, if you please?"

"For myself, sir."

"For yourself! Why, are you not my little tenant of the garret, up there under the roof?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what do you mean? My daughter has $800,000. I am willing to inform you of that fact. Do you take it in? Eight hundred thousand. And you, what have you?"

The engineer answered frankly; then he added:

"I am not actually rich, but if you give me Mlle. Valentine believe me that my work, my humble acquirements"——

"Stop talking! Your conversation is of no interest to me. Will you please to take your departure at once? It makes me die of laughing to have you come to ask me for my daughter. I have only to add, 'Good evening.'"

"But, sir, if I do not present my suit until after my automatic brake has made me a millionaire, I risk finding Mlle. Valentine married to another. Now, sir, I do not wish to run any such risk."

"So much the worse. What do you want me to do about it?"

Passeraud retired in much distress. Banging the doors after him, M. Lamantin exclaimed:

"Not a cent! No position! Asks for my daughter. Ah, really, it is quite interesting."

This visit, which had such an unfavorable result as regards our friend, left very slight traces on the mind of M. Lamantin. What brought, several days later, an anxious look to the latter's face was simply the fact that his parlor chimney smoked.

In the middle of the month of December and just as he was preparing to arrange a reception in honor of his daughter's nineteenth birthday his parlor chimney began to smoke. A householder could scarcely have had a more disagreeable thing happen to him. M. Lamantin sent for his architect, who hastened to come, smelling an order.

"Is that all?" he said, vexed when he learned what the matter was.

"I think that is quite enough. It is not amusing to own a chimney that makes my wife and myself weep all day long, like a family recently afflicted."

"Your chimney was built on my plans. That means it does not smoke."

"But it does smoke."

"Because you burn Mons coal. Don't burn Mons. Burn wood, and you will have a clear fire."

"Perhaps you are right."

The change to wood in place of coal did not make the chimney's breathing easier. M. Lamantin, who was a resolute man, sent for the best architect in Paris and begged him to deign to come in person to study the question.

The artist, after having minutely examined the chimney, did not scruple to restrain this cruel reflection on his brother in art, "What ass built this chimney?"

"It was Ledente, my architect."

"It was well said; an ass. Have the flue made four inches higher, in order to increase the draft. It will be all right then."

"What a simple matter it is, after all!"

"It only needed a little thought."

The operation completed, the chimney smoked as before. But the great architect took care of his bill.

"Hang it, what a bill!" M. Lamantin could not help sighing as he paid it.

Disgusted with architects, the householder turned to bricklayers. The first one called in ordered the addition to the flue of a piece of sheet iron in the form of a serpent.

The chimney continued to send out its smoke into the parlor.

A second bricklayer arrived; with disgust he had his colleague's serpent removed and substituted for it a sort of helmet of the same material.

The chimney did not pay any attention to the helmet, but smoked worse than ever.

But here the concierge interposed with these consoling words: "Sir, you are wrong to despair. I was just this moment talking of this matter with one of the tenants—oh, I must say it, such a nice tenant! He told me that he would undertake to disenchant your chimney in five minutes."

"Let him come to me instantly, or I give him notice to leave."

As quick as lightning Passeraud put himself at the orders of M. Lamantin. He found his landlord tramping up and down his parlor, which was as cold as ice.

"Ah, it is you, young man, who flatter yourself you can cure in five minutes chimneys incurably ill. Try; I am curious to see you do it."

"Five minutes is a little too short a time, sir. I want an hour."

"Very well—an hour. Here is a chimney given up by all the doctors. If you make it agree to send its smoke up into the skies instead of down into my apartments, I will give you what you wish. I am quite out of patience. I do not wish to bargain. Name your price."

"Sir," answered Passeraud, with dignity, "you will give me—the hand of Mlle. Valentine. That is my price—to be paid only after I have succeeded."

"For a chimney! You wander in your talk, my dear sir."

"This chimney, sir? Send for M. Garnier, the architect of the opera; add to him a picked jury of engineers, chemists, members of the institute, professors from the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and if these gentlemen can do in three months what I undertake to do in an hour—that is to say, prevent it from smoking—as also to prevent from smoking all chimneys with the same trouble, I agree that you should treat me as though I were indeed raving."

"The hand of my daughter! That is a high price. However, if really you do possess such a secret, you will be able to make money, a great deal of money, and"——

"I have a secret in reality, and as I have a high opinion of it you will give me authority to shut myself alone in this parlor for an hour, and you will give me your word not to look through the keyhole. I only go to work on that condition."

"As you please. But why have you not simply taken out a patent? You would avoid these childish precautions."

"I am not rich enough to pay the first premium on a patent."

"Borrow the money. This is a case for borrowing, if ever there was one."

"Sir, I hate borrowing."

"Well, I am going. Perform your mysterious operations in peace and tranquillity."

"You will not look through the keyhole?"

"I give you my most solemn promise."

"And—I have your word—if I succeed?"

"We will see. I do not want to yield on compulsion, but I am a just man."

Once alone, Passeraud wasted no time in foolish proceedings rather out of place, the gravity of the circumstances considered. An attentive spectator—but Passeraud had banished spectators—would have heard him hum the air:

C'est ici que Rose respire!

The same surprised spectator would have seen him go from one piece of furniture to another with a delighted air, walking as in a dream among the beautiful furniture, extend himself at full length upon the sofa—here Valentine must have sat!—then install himself in a small chair—this low seat is without doubt the one she prefers!—then gaze for a long while at a young girl's portrait—that is her dear picture!—and throw kisses to it—to you, even to you! These frivolous proceedings having consumed the appointed 60 minutes, Passeraud opened the doors and called every one.

"Have a fire made, sir."

Passeraud was obeyed. The chimney had now a clear, strong draft. A gentle warmth breathed through the chilled and frosty room. There was not the least smoke. Passeraud's genius shone out like the sun; he who could not see it was blind.

"It is too delightful!" exclaimed M. Lamantin radiantly. "Valentine, this dear young man is a great engineer. He shall be my son-in-law, with your consent."

A year after these miraculous events Mme. Passeraud—nee Lamantin—had a son as beautiful as the morning. Upon this occasion M. Lamantin made the following speech:

"My dear son, explain one thing to me. Three months ago the railroad companies adopted your automatic brake; gold showers upon you from all sides; the right to use your patent is purchased in England, America, Italy, Australia, the Indies and Spain. You are now rich, not from your wife's dowry, but of yourself. Does not that make you think seriously? But to come to what is troubling me; you have on hand another invention, and you do nothing with it."

"To what invention do you allude, sir?"

"Why, what else could it be but your secret for preventing chimneys from smoking. Ah! you are not going to tell me now that you are too poor to pay the premium?"

"Pshaw! that would not bring much."

"It would be a spoke in the wheel; why neglect a profit ready to your hand?"

"Father, do not let us talk about it."

"Yes, yes; I wish to."

"Father, you will oblige me to tell you things I would rather keep to myself."

"Speak out, speak out."

"Well, then, know that I did not cure your chimney of smoking; simply stopped making it smoke. There is a shade of difference between these two things. My room was then under the roof. I had only to put out my hand to check the draft by placing something, no matter what, over the flue—a plate, for example. It was your fault, too; ever since the world was made cruel fathers have forced lovers to carry off their daughters by stratagem. I did as every one else; I improvised a little comedy. My excuse is that Valentine helped me. It was she who commissioned the concierge to represent me as the greatest chimney builder of the vicinity. Forgive us both, and console yourself by thinking that it is fate which so rules, for those who love each other must succeed in their plans—that is a law. When a prudent marriage is happy, it is the exception which proves the rule. So, then, my son, born this morning, is rich. Be sure that he will fall madly in love with an honorable but poor girl. Only he will not have the pleasure of playing a trick on me. I declare to you in advance that I will give him this maiden without a cent, certain as I am that, if I did not give her to him—he would take her."—Romance.

Boston Composure.

He (of Chicago)—My dear, I smell something burning. I do believe the house is on fire, Priscilla. For heaven's sake, lay aside your Boston serenity and help me see what is wrong.

She (formerly of Beacon Hill)—My dear husband, lay aside your western fidgetiness and be composed. It is bad form to be so demonstrative. The odor you detect is caused by the cook burning some rags.

He (10 minutes later)—Priscilla, permit me to ask, with true Boston composure, was it a rat or only a mouse that disappeared under your skirts a moment ago?

She (wildly)—!??????!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Doctors In China.

The Gazette (official) of Peking published six columns giving the names of the 423 physicians who had attended the emperor's mother in a recent illness. The Gazette also took occasion to rebuke the Buddhist priests who had been denouncing locomotives as the cause of the illness, and to give the assurance that the smoke and noise of the engines had nothing to do with it.

The Thinnest Sheet of Iron.

A triumph of mechanical ingenuity, unsurpassed in its line, is recorded at the celebrated tin works, Swansea, Wales. The iron from which the sheet was rolled was worked in a finery with charcoal and the usual blast afterward taken to the hammer to be formed into a regular flat bottom, thence conveyed to the balling furnace, and when sufficiently heated taken up to the rolls, lengthened and cut by shears into proper lengths, piled up and transferred to the balling furnace again. When heated, it was passed through the rolls, back again into the balling furnace, and when duly brought to the proper pitch taken to the rolls and made into a thorough good bar. Subsequently, at the tin mills, it was rolled till it was supposed to be thinner than 23 grains, afterward passed through the cold rolls to insure the necessary polish, the result being the thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled—that is, the sheet was 10 by 5½ inches, or 55 inches in surface, of only 20 grains weight, which, being brought to the standard of 8 by 5½ inches, or 44 surface inches, is but 16 grains, or 80 per cent less than previous attempts, at least 4,800 being required to make one inch in thickness.—New York Sun.

The Ruling Passion.

He loved the winsome lass, with a love none the less ardent because she was a clerk in a dry goods store, and he had met her there behind the counter when he had come in to make purchases.

But she was no ordinary girl, and he knew that if he won her as his own it would be no easy conquest.

For weeks and weeks he had been to see her, and for weeks he had hesitated on the brink of a proposal which involved all his happiness.

Yet the girl did not seem to realize how near she was to him, nor that any moment might precipitate the final question.

However, these things cannot continue forever, and one Sunday afternoon as they were walking his voice became low and tremulous, and she looked up shyly into his face.

"Christine," he whispered, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, George," she assented frankly. "What is it?"

"Will you be my wife?"

She turned as if a shelf were behind her.

"I am very sorry," she said softly. "Is there anything else today?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Test of Bravery.

A custom like this has spread, of course, among neighboring tribes under various forms. That of the Abyssinian braves is described by Mr. Mansfield Parkyns. The girls themselves play an active part there.

When young people are gathered for amusement, after a church festival, for instance, one of them will begin peeling a straw of green millet, which is full of pith. Her lover's blood runs cold probably, but he must smile or own himself a carve. When she has cut the pith into bits an inch long, he stretches out his bare arm. The example set, every girl who respects herself and has a lover follows it. The young men form a circle, with their arms extended.

Blithely, then, with many a jest doubtless, the maidens arrange their bits of pith, upright, in some fanciful design on the bare flesh and set them alight. They are nearly an inch thick, and they burn very slowly, but the hapless youth must stand and smile as well as he can till the blood and juices of the seared flesh extinguish them.—London Standard.

Under the Wrong Flag.

The following amusing story is told of the late Dr. Wilkinson, formerly recorder of Hartlepool: He was an enthusiastic advocate of the first great reform bill. One day, walking out in the street with an equally zealous friend, a highly respectable gentleman like himself, he saw approaching a great procession headed by a band and a banner. The latter, as it streamed in the breeze, was seen to bear an inscription. This could not be quite made out, but the word reform was conspicuous in the midst of it. This was quite enough for Dr. Wilkinson and his friend. Without a moment's hesitation they joined the throng and marched proudly along with the rest. But presently the wind dropped a little, and the legend on the banner became fully legible. Great was the horror of Dr. Wilkinson and his companion to find that the procession they had so eagerly joined, and in which they had proved such prominent figures, was one of "Reformed Drunkards."—London Figaro.

Scolding.

Scolding is mostly a habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tried or annoyed at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they begin scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members.—Exchange.

Eccentricities of Blue Blood.

Mrs. Highupp—Do you believe it is true that the Emperor William is having the milk from his farm at Potsdam retailed in Berlin from wagons with his name painted on them?

Mrs. Wayupp—I shouldn't wonder. It's nothing. Why, even my grandfather did the same thing.—New York Weekly.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery, prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

VIOLETS.

The woodbird calls, the shadows flee,
The sun comes golden from the sea;
Across the meadow as I stray
For you I take the fern fringed way,
To gather violets wet with dew
Which only bloom, my love, for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

The grasses bend, the dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine;
The soft wind steals with presence sweet
To fling white petals at my feet
And lift the leaves from violets blue,
Hidden to wait, my love, for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

Blue as your eyes, which hearts beguile,
Their faint perfume sweet as your smile,
I gather them, with fervent prayer
That they my passion may declare;
Their petals pale, tear stained with dew,
May tell how I live but for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!
—Donahoe's Magazine.

It's Human Nature.

A well dressed man got on the Sixth avenue elevated the other day and groped along for a strap, which his companion finally placed in his hand. As the former seemed quite uncertain of his footing and was being partially supported by the latter, people stared at him rather hard under the impression that he was intoxicated. He was not only well dressed, but wore a handsome ring, heavy gold watch chain and other jewelry. Passengers jostled him considerably as he swayed from the strap, and pretty soon it became evident to those in the vicinity that instead of being intoxicated the man was blind. A young lady made the discovery and immediately arose and motioned the blind man's companion to take her seat. When this had been communicated to the blind man, the latter turned in the direction of the lady and raised his hat respectfully, but declined the proffered courtesy. His companion whispered something in his ears—most likely that the lady was both young and handsome—for the afflicted man began pluming himself and finally turned by changing hands on the strap so that the young lady might get a more definite view of a rather fine face. He straightened up his rings, settled his collar, felt to ascertain whether his coat was buttoned and pulled down his cuffs—just as a vain man usually does when he wants to make a good appearance.—New York Herald.

Soft Words.

One of the most curious of current beliefs is that of hypocrisy lurking in pleasant manners and sincerity in those that are rough or stern. It seems a relic of our Puritan forefathers, but it certainly is out of place today. One is foolish, or very innocent, to give heed to more than the letter of society courtesies. But, on the other hand, the wish to please is a good sign in itself, and the willingness to hurt, by word as well as by deed, is a bad sign in itself. Selfishness is, far more than hypocrisy even, a usual failing. And there is small hope for the habitually self absorbed rough speaker, while there is always a chance that the soft manner may sink into the heart. To those who tell us that soft words butter no parsnips, we may retort, oil is also better for a wig than vinegar. If proverbs mean anything, it is because there is one for every side of a question.—Exchange.

Old Time Railroading.

It is sometimes a matter of surprise to find what mighty good locomotive running has been done in times past when the locomotive was a far inferior machine. The death of Daniel M. Fisher, an old and retired engineer of the New York and New Haven, recalled the fact that in 1850 he carried President Taylor's message from New York to New Haven—about 80 miles—in an hour and 20 minutes. The engine burned wood. The switches were locked. The messenger sat on a box in the engine's tender.—New York Advertiser.

A Modest Request.

Joe—You know that $10 I lent Brown, three or four months ago.

Sam—Yes.

Joe—He hasn't paid it back and can't, and I think you ought to "go havers" in the loss with me.

Sam—What have I got to do with it?

Joe—He was on his way to get it from you when he struck me, and I saved you $10. Under the circumstances, don't you thing you ought to save me $5?—Detroit Free Press.

Journalism In Servia.

Journalism in Servia is a peculiar institution. The Schumadiski List, which has the reputation of being the leading newspaper of the kingdom, came out one day with the following announcement on its first page: "Owing to the intolerable laziness of our editor in chief, Mr. Zrak, who spends his nights in feasting and sleeps the whole day through, our number this week is only half its usual size."—Philadelphia Record.

An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris has adopted a plan for securing his money which is respectfully submitted to bankers and bondholders generally. Every night he deposits the daily receipts of his exhibition in the cage of the most ferocious of his animals, and he has never lost a penny.

It has been estimated that a gold coin must be handled 2,000,000,000 times before the impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, and a silver coin 3,250,000,000 times.

Since his installation as grand master of the Freemasons, now nearly 19 years ago, the Prince of Wales has granted 1,027 warrants for new lodges.

Whenever there is friction, there is heat. Hammering a nail rod until it is redhot or forging a nail without fire are feats of the blacksmith.

The newspaper laborers in the house press gallery now sit on nice revolving piano stools. They are very popular.

COWLDER TRANSPORTATION.

Some Striking Examples of the Workings of the Ice Age.

An immense area of the northeastern states, extending south to New York, and then westward in an irregular line to Cincinnati and St. Louis, is almost wholly covered with a deposit of drift material, in which rocks of various sizes are imbedded, while other rocks, often of enormous size, lie upon the surface. These blocks have been carefully studied by the American geologists, and they present us with some very interesting facts. Not only are the distances from which they have been transported very great, but in very many cases they are found at a greater elevation than the place from which they must have come.

Professor G. F. Wright found an enormous accumulation of bowlders on a sandstone plateau in Monroe county, Pa. Many of these bowlders were granite and must have come either from the Adirondack mountains, 200 miles to the north, or from the Canadian highlands, still farther away. This accumulation of bowlders was 70 or 80 feet high, and it extended many miles, descending into a deep valley 1,000 feet below the plateau in a nearly continuous line, forming part of the southern moraine of the great American ice sheet.

On the Kentucky hills, about 12 miles south of Cincinnati, conglomerate bowlders containing pebbles of red jasper can be traced to a limited outcrop of the same rock in Canada, to the north of Lake Huron, more than 600 miles distant, and similar bowlders have been found at intervals over the whole intervening country. In both these cases the blocks must have passed over intervening valleys and hills, the latter as high or nearly as high as the source whence the rocks were derived.

Even more remarkable are numerous bowlders of Heidelberg limestone on the summit of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, which must have been brought from ledges at least 500 feet lower than the places upon which they now lie. The Blue Ridge itself shows remarkable signs of glacial abrasion in a well defined shoulder marking the southern limit of the ice (as indicated also by heaps of drifts and erratics), so that Mr. Wright concludes that several hundred feet of the ridge have been worn away by the ice.

The crowning example of bowlder transportation is, however, afforded by the blocks of light gray gneiss discovered by Professor Hitchcock on the summit of Mount Washington, over 6,000 feet above sea level, and identified with Bethlehem gneiss, whose nearest outcrop is in Jefferson, several miles to the northwest and 3,000 or 4,000 feet lower than Mount Washington.—A. R. Wallace in Fortnightly Review.

Wrecks and Salvage.

Given a ship in a safe position as regards valuable property on board, but an uncertain position as regards diving operations, and she may be to the divers a "stand by" for years—notably, for example, in the case of the steamship Cadiz, wrecked in 1875 near Ushant, having on board valuable pig lead and quicksilver in large iron bottles. The Salvage association had a standing contract with divers, and year after year, when nothing more remunerative was on hand, the diving cutters would sail out from Whitstable for the wreck.

When the news of the loss of this vessel was first received, some chagrined underwriters made known to the Salvage association that in a box in the captain's cabin was a jeweled hunting knife valued at £7,000, belonging to a Portuguese nobleman. The exact spot in which the box was bestowed was carefully explained to the divers, but all their efforts to find it were in vain, or so they affirmed. Lead they could see in plenty, and quicksilver, but nothing at all resembling a box with a jewel hilted knife in it. At this stage, however, they were paid not by results, but by time, and it suggested itself that the thickness of the water might be cleared by the offer of a special 5 per cent, or £350, for the recovery of the knife, and, by a singular coincidence, the costly toy was immediately found and brought to the surface.—Westminster Review.

Crystallising Flowers.

A writer remarks that the process of crystallizing flowers is simple and can be satisfactorily accomplished by any one who has artistic skill.

Arrange some basket forms of any desired pattern with pliable copper wire and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water.

Wait until the solution has cooled, as the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold them faster than when formed in a hot solution.

When you have a light covering of crystals that completely envelops the articles, remove cheerfully and allow it to drip for 12 hours. These baskets make a unique ornament and long preserve their freshness.—Popular Science News.

A Rice Diet.

"I don't know but I shall take to eating with chop sticks soon," said a Springfield paterfamilias the other day. "We've got to living on rice at our house. My little girl goes to cooking school, and her mother says unless she can practice what she is taught the instruction will be of no use to her. They've been having half a dozen lessons on what to do with rice, and now we have rice at every meal. We've rung the changes on rice soup, rice pudding, snowballs, rice cakes, rice fritters, rice gems and apples and rice till I wonder I'm not jabbering the lingo of a heathen Chinese."—Springfield Homestead.

Revolt Against Bound Feet.

The Bridgman School For Girls at Peking has recently determined to receive no more girls with bound feet. The native Christians at Peking, as the result of an enthusiastic meeting, have formed an anti foot binding society.—Ram's Horn.

DREAM'S PROMPTINGS.

There Is a Constant Flow of Unconscious Thought While We Sleep.

The physiologists of the first half of the century and some more modern writers expressed the belief that dreaming only occurred at the moment when consciousness began to resume its sway.

But in The North American Review. Dr. Louis Robinson says that modern investigators accept the theory of the metaphysicians and believe that there is a certain amount of cerebral action during the whole period of sleep, and that the vast majority of our dreams never come to our knowledge. He thinks that there is an unbroken current of ideas which passes through the sleeping brain, and which only reveals itself to the conscious ego when some disturbing element intervenes. "We may compare it to an invisible and silent river, flowing by without betraying its presence, save where there is a splash of a fish or of a falling stone, or some foaming eddy where a rock breaks the smooth surface."

Dr. Robinson's article is long and interesting. The conclusions at which he arrives are as follows: Owing to the unceasing unconscious cerebration which is a necessary concomitant of our power of intellect, the brain is always in part awake, and is especially active in shifting memorized matter. The cerebral centers connected with the sense organs are continually and independently employed in stimulating impressions from without. Certain of the senses, especially that of hearing, remain open to external influences during sleep and convey actual vibrations to the brain. There is an active and purely involuntary predisposition on the part of the mental apparatus to compare and collate all the messages which come, or seem to come, from without, through the sense channels, and to collate these again with what is brought to the consciousness by involuntary recollection. Associated with this is a tendency to combine the evidence so collected into a coherent whole, and to make the result of either explain the more emphatic thoughts or impressions, or else answer some questions which occupied the attention before sleep began. "No voluntary power exists during sleep to pick out from the jumble handed in that which is relevant to the problem to be solved, and just as there is no power to discriminate real from false impressions at the outset, so throughout a dream, we are completely oblivious to the most glaring fallacies and inconsistencies."—Rochester Post-Express.

Had No Eyes, but He "Saw."

"I should like to have the key of the unoccupied house.—— Wharton street," requested a well dressed man as he entered the office of a down town real estate agent.

"Yes, sir," and the key was handed over. As the caller departed it was noticed that he kept prodding the floor with his cane as he walked. But his gait was almost as brisk and as straight as though he had no affliction whatever. This was remarked as he left the office.

He returned a half hour later with a step as quick as ever and with business in every motion. "I like the house," he said, as he handed over the key, "but there is considerable repairing to be done. The paint should be renewed. The front bedroom and dining room are sadly in need of repapering," and so he went on until he had enumerated a half dozen things that were necessary to be done.

It afterward transpired that he had acquired all his knowledge simply by the sense of touch. His examination had been as thorough as though he had had the use of two good eyes. It was really a remarkable performance.—Philadelphia Call.

Long Talks.

Parliamentarians and orators in general claim that no man could talk coherently on a single subject for more than six hours, yet hundreds of cases to the contrary could be cited. When De Cosmos defended the settlers' land bill in the lower house of the British Columbian parliament, he talked continually for 26 hours. The act confiscating the property of De Cosmos' constituents had to be passed by noon of a certain day; De Cosmos was the only defender. He took the floor at 9:35 o'clock the day previous to the date when the law would become a dead letter and kept it until 12:05 the following day. It is said that his tongue and lips were cracked in hundreds of places and his shirt front covered with blood. A speech 11 hours longer than the British Columbian's famous argument was delivered in the Roumanian chamber of deputies in 1887. It was on the occasion of the impeachment of ex-Minister Bratiano, the leading deputy supporting the articles of impeachment talking continuously for 37 hours.—Exchange.

Abandonment of Cronstadt.

The harbor of Cronstadt in Russia is to be closed to merchant vessels after 1895, and a new harbor will be opened along a maritime canal just below St. Petersburg. This harbor will be 22 feet deep, cost 1,000,000 rubles, and be the central point for the unloading of coal and the loading of grain and other articles of export. The department of public works is also considering the advisability of constructing a tunnel under the Neva like that under the Thames in London, but built in four stories. This abandonment of Cronstadt is of especial interest, for it was Peter the Great who established and indeed created it for the port of St. Petersburg.—Springfield Republican.

Science of Divine Providence.

Not a great while ago a learned ignoramus delivered a sermon on "The Science of Divine Providence." "Sir," said a genuine student, at the close, "will you not favor us with a lecture on 'The Faith of Geometry?'"—Christian Advocate.

The Life History of Corals.

The life history of corals is sufficiently remarkable in its sober facts. Like other animals, they produce eggs, from which free swimming young are hatched. But they have two other methods of propagation—namely, gemmation and fissiparity. Between animals and plants in general there is no distinction which makes itself more prominent and obtrusive than the free individual life of the one and the fixed colonial life of the other. By gemmation, the successive putting forth of buds, an industrious vegetable, starting with a seed of insignificant size, may build a massive structure, sometimes 400 feet in height, the resultant of individuals almost innumerable, belonging to hundreds or thousands of generations, all of them the living members of a single family, successively sacrificing their individuality to promote the common good and to share it.

This procedure in plant life is illustrated by an endless diversity of examples, great and small. Whatever exceptions there may be, this, to the ordinary observer, is the customary, the commonplace, the distinctive habit in the vegetable kingdom. Thus it came to pass that men did not believe their own eyes when they met with animals behaving in a way that seemed to be the patent right of vegetables. The isolated sea anemone was well understood, but creatures of precisely similar structure, which took to sprouting out of stems and branches, had to be incontinently handed over to the botanist.—Edinburgh Review.

In the Struggle For Life.

In tropical countries, where the struggle for life seems to rage even fiercer than in the temperate regions, a vast number of animals have been driven by want to seek their livelihood in the dark through stress of competition. There are the howler monkeys, for example, who make night hideous in large tracts of South American forest, beginning their dismal music as soon as evening sets in and only retiring for the day as dawn purples the horizon.

There are the lemurs of Madagascar, so called because, like ghosts, they walk by night and withdraw at cockcrow—strange, stealthy, noiseless creatures, with great, wistful, poetical eyes and enlarged pupils; monkeys that prey on birds and insects in the gloomy depths of their native forests. There is the slender loris, a graceful and beautiful beast, with eyes like a gazelle's, but treacherous manners, who pounces upon birds as they sleep in their little nests, creeping silently upon them from behind like an Indian upon the warpath, and affording no indication of his hateful presence till he is within arm's reach of his slumbering victim.

These are but a few of the nocturnal mammals of the monkey and lemur type, ancient ancestors of our own, gone wrong through keeping such very late hours, and now stranded for the most part in islands or peninsulas of extreme antiquity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Serious Side of French Dueling.

Ever since the day when Mark Twain gave the American world his famous picture of the French duel, Americans have laughed at it and classed it with so much that is mock heroic and harmlessly tragic in the French character. And yet the French duel is a very serious thing in France, and particularly in the capital. Every day in Paris there are two duels fought, and 20 per cent of these result fatally or with serious and permanent bodily injury. But these cases rarely attain publicity.

The duel is a serious thing in Paris for three reasons. First, because of the triviality of the causes of these encounters. Secondly, because they are countenanced and justified by the law. Thirdly, because, being upheld by social custom and the French sense of honor, men are forced to duel or face utter disgrace in their respective circles of society and even in their own families.—Providence Journal.

Several Shades of Green.

In Morrison, Ills., there lives a gentleman by the name of Green. It is now some 20 years since Mr. Green became the delighted father of an infant daughter. In a moment of gay facetiousness, inspired by his joy, he named the baby Olive. It was not many years before Mr. Green was once more a father. Again it was an infant daughter, and the subtle poison of that first christening having worked in his blood he named the second one Myrtle. A third time the joys of paternity became Mr. Green's, and a third infant daughter was added to his household. The father set his teeth grimly, got out the family Bible, and wrote in a firm hand, "Ivy Green." He furthermore assured his friends that if he should be presented with a son and heir he should look out for the youngster's future by naming him "Apple Green," for then no daughter of Eve could ever resist him.—Exchange.

A Tudor Gallant.

A gallant's toilet was no easy business, and a slow or clumsy servant, no doubt, got many an oath and blow if he failed to tie up the points of the hose, lace the doublet or arrange the stomacher and frilled shirt to his master's satisfaction. A gentleman's dress had so many fastenings, there was so much tying and lacing of his garments together, that it was impossible that he should ever get costumed (sic) without assistance. The long hose had to be securely tied by a number of latchets to the doublet; the doublet itself was laced up the front, and the sleeves, being slashed to show the shirtsleeves, had also to be laced sometimes.—"History of English Dress," Georgiana Hill.

A Source of Comparative Warmth.

Mrs. Hashcroft—Does the register heat your room, Mr. Billings?

Billings—It seems to when the sun is not shining.

"What on earth has the sun to do with it?"

"Why, when the sun shines into the room it warms up the air a bit, and then the draft from the register feels cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9233 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4039 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Monart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 238 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Sundays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 70 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kringe; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Carney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1006 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2090 Joseph st; R S, J J Prairie, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget No 42—C R, John F Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, [illegible] Duffy, 3940 Ashland av; F S, Thos J [illegible]; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd [illegible] Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Corn

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Prices that will Bring Trade:

6 ounce packages Babbitt's 1776 for.....2½ cents
1-lb packages Best Laundry Starch for..... 3 cents
2-lb cans Charm Brand Sweet Sugar Corn..... 6 cents
2-lb cans Mansfield Sugar Corn.....6½ cents
Quarter boxes 5 lbs net London Layer Table Raisins.....29 cents
5-gallon kegs Fancy Table Syrup for.....99 cents
3-lb cans K. & M. Table Peaches, per can..... 9 cents
Dime cans Price's Baking Powder..... 5 cents
40 lbs Broken Carolina Rice for..... $1.00
2-oz Bottle Perfumes, assorted Flavors..... 5 cents

Dried Fruits.

	Per pound.
Quarter Apples	7 cents
Fancy Evaporated Apples	13 cents
APRICOTS.	
Sun dried Apricots	9 cents
Evaporated Unpitted Apricots	12 cents
Fancy Golden Evap. Apricots	19 cents
PEARS.	
Quartered California Pears	7 cents
Fancy Evaporated Pears	12 cents
BLACKBERRIES.	
Evaporated Crop 1893	9 cents
PEACHES.	
Eastern Half Peaches	8 cents
California Evaporated	12 cents
Fanciest Evaporated	23 cents
PITTED PLUMS.	
Crop 1893, California	15 cents
PITTED CHERRIES.	
Crop 1893, Fancy	19 cents
RASPBERRIES.	
Evaporated Fancy Raspberries	25 cents
LAYER FIGS.	
New Crop Fancy Figs	12 cents
PRUNES.	
Turkish, Crop 1893	6 cents
Largest Fancy California, 40 prunes to the lb	9 cents
Fancy Imported French, 40 prunes to the lb	19 cents
CURRANTS.	
New English Currants	3 cents
Vostizza New Currants	5 cents
Fancy Cleaned Currants	9 cents
PEEL.	
Lemon Peel	12 cents
Orange Peel	14 cents
New Leghorn Citron	15 cents
RAISINS.	
1 Crown Cal. L. M. Raisins	1½ cents
2 Crown Cal. L. M. Raisins	3½ cents
3 Crown Cal. L. M. Raisins	4½ cents
Dehesia Layer Raisins	9 cents
½ boxes London Layer Table Raisins	29 cents
20-lb boxes California Loose Muscatel Raisins for	89 cents
Fancy Dehesia Raisins, Russian Clusters, 22 lbs in box	$1.69
Fanciest Imported Sultanas, lb	19 cents

Butterine.

Just Plain Butterine, per pail.....$1.19
Reliable Dairy Butterine, per pail.. 1.25
Wisconsin Dairy Butterine, per pail 1.50
Purity Creamery Butterine, pr pail 1.70
This is the finest Butterine made in the world; is cleaner, cheaper and keeps better than any Butter made.

Syrup.

2½-Gallon Pails Fancy Table Syrup, all for.....59 cents
A 5-Gallon Keg Fancy Table Syrup for.....99 cents
White Drips Syrup, per gallon..39 cents
PureGold Syrup—the finest Pure Sugar Syrup made, per gallon.65 cents
Pure Vermont Maple Syrup, per gallon..... $1.00

BREAKFAST FOR JANUARY.

6-lbs Pure Buckwheat for.....25 cents
Oskamp's Slap Jack Meal, worth 10 cents..... 4 cents
Self-Rising Griddle Cake Flour, worth 15 cents..... 5 cents
Corn Grits, worth 15 cents..... 5 cents
Velvet Meal, worth 15 cents.... 5 cents

Cheese.

	Per pound.
Finest Herkimer County Full Cream	16 cents
Young Amhrics, Full Cream	14 cents
Fancy Brick Cheese	15 cents
Fancy Swiss Cheese	17 cents
Roquefort	45 cents
Neufchatel, each	5 cents

Extract of Beef.

2 ounces Fluid Extract Beef....19 cents
4 ounces Fluid Extract Beef....29 cents
8 ounces Fluid Extract Beef....49 cents
16 ounces Fluid Extract Beef...99 cents

SOAP.

	Per Ber.	Per Box.
German Family	2½ cts	$2.15
Cosk Soap, 100 bars in box.	3 cts	2.90
Eagle Standard, 60 lbs in box	4 cts	2.39
Fairbank's Best Family	5 cts	3.00

Extra quality Prepared Mustard is worth 15 cts—will trade for 5 cts per bottle or 45 cts per dozen.
6-ounce cans Price's Baking Powder, worth 20 cts, for.....10 cts
300 page Cook Book, new recipes. 5 cts

1-lb packages Best Corn Starch.... 4 cts
New Tomato Catsup, per bottle.... 6 cts
Pint bottles Mixed Pickles, Chow Chow or Gherkins.....10 cts
New crop Teas, are worth double.25 cts
Fancy First Picking Teas, will trade for.....35 cts
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for..$1.00
Lard Compound, 3, 5 or 10 lb pails, per lb..... 8 cts
California Sugar-Cured Hams, lb.. 8 cts
Fancy Mixed Candy, worth 10 cts, now per lb..... 5 cts
New English Walnuts, per lb..... 5 cts
All New Mixed Nuts, per lb..... 8 cts
Allcock's Porous Plasters, each... 9 cts
12 lbs Pure New York Buckwheat Flour for.....50 cts
1-gallon cans Vermont Pure Maple Sirup.....$1.00
1-lb packages Best Corn Starch for. 4 cts
9 lbs Ground Coffee for.....$1.00
1-gal Glass Oil Cans, worth 30 cts, now.....15 cts
We have also a lot of Desks, Office Chairs and Two-Wheeled Trucks that we will sell for half what they cost.
Dixon's Stove Polish, per pkg.... 3 cts
1-lb pkgs Imported Vermicelli.... 6 cts
2-lb cans Jumbo Baking Powder, worth 50 cents, now.....25 cts
Good Strong Ash Sieves..... 6 cts
Fancy Dried California Peaches..12 cts
Fancy Turkish Prunes, per lb..... 5 cts
40 lbs Broken California Rice for..$1.00

CANNED GOODS.

FRUIT—	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Baltimore Pie Peaches.	8c	$ .95
3-lb cans K. & M. Yellow Del. Peaches	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Nanticoke Yellow Peaches	10c	1.18
3-lb cans Bonanza California Yellow Table Peaches	11c	1.32
3-lb cans no label California Yellow Peaches	12c	1.44
3-lb cans West Coast California Yellow Peaches	13c	1.50
3-lb cans Gold Spike California Yellow Peaches	14c	1.60
3-lb cans Pasadena Crawford California Peaches	18c	2.10
3-lb cans Madrona Lemon Cling Cal. Peaches	15c	1.75
3-lb cans California Pears	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Sunset Cal. Pears	15c	1.65
3-lb cans Sonoma California Apricots	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Sevanto Cal. Apricots.	16c	1.85
3-lb cans Cal. Muscat Grapes.	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Bonanza Cal. Egg Plums	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Pacific California Green Gages	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Cal. White Cherries.	25c	2.50
2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Sliced Pineapples	15c	1.60
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Sliced Pineapples	13c	1.50
2-lb cans Union Abaco Grated Pineapples	14c	1.50
2-lb cans Union Sliced Pineapples	12½	1.40
2-lb cans Red Cherries	10c	1.20
5-lb cans Gooseberries	10c	1.10
Gallon cans New York Apples.	25c	2.90
VEGETABLES—		
2-lb cans Charm Sugar Corn	6c	$ .69
2-lb cans Mansfield Sweet Corn.	6½c	.75
2-lb cans Potter's N. Y. Corn	7c	.84
2- lb cans Paxton Sweet Corn	8c	.95
2-lb cans Baby Sugar Corn (This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.)	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes.	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Premium Extra Tomatoes	10c	1.18
Solid Meat Gallon Tomatoes	30c	3.30
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	8c	.95
2-lb cans early June Sweet Peas.	9c	1.00
2-lb cans Best Sifted Early June Peas	12½c	1.40
2-lb cans Tom Extra Sifted Early June Peas	17c	2.00
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	6c	.70
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	10c	1.10
2-lb cans Turin Lima Beans	6c	.70
3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans.	10c	1.10
3-lb cans Pie Pumpkin	7c	.75
2-lb cans Extra Succotash	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Best Asparagus	17c	1.90
MILK, FISH, ETC.—		
Tip Top Condensed Milk	9c	$1.00
Valley Brand Milk	12c	1.40
Monroe Condensed Milk	11c	1.30
St. Charles Cream	15c	1.70
Gail Borden's Eagle Milk	16c	1.80
1-lb cans Columbia River Salmon	9c	1.08
1-lb cans B. & M. Lobsters	21c	2.30
1-lb cans Mackerel	10c	1.18
1-lb cans Little Neck Clams	12½	1.40
3-lb cans Little Neck Clams	17c	2.00
½ Sardines in Oil	4c	.48
½ Mustard Sardines	8c	.95
Fancy Imported Sardines	10c	1.15
Lukrebec Imported Sardines in good oil	12½c	1.40
Gillett's ½ Imported Sardines	15c	1.70

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A lot of Smyrna Rugs—they are out of our line—but we will make prices that will bring you to see them.

Genuine Smyrna, 16x32, each.....49 cts
Genuine Smyrna, 21x45, each..... $1.19
Genuine Smyrna, 26x54, each..... $1.59
Genuine Smyrna, 30x60, each..... $1.89
Genuine Smyrna, 36x72, each..... $2.69

Tables.

We have about 1,100 Dining-Room Tables left, and will sell them at less than one-half what they cost

Solid Oak Body, 48x48.....99 cts
Round Hardwood Body, soft wood top.....$1.19
Large Round Tables, hardwood body and polished hardwood top, are worth $5, will sell them for..$1.39

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50-lb Bags, each - - - - - 97 cts
98-lb Bags, each - - - - - $1.94
Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl . . . $3.49

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